The Churchman.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878.

In the death of Cardinal Franchi the Romish Church loses a man who was much beloved and trusted by the present pope, as well as by his predecessor, and who was instrumental, it is believed, in bringing about the frequent interviews between the papal nuncio and Bismarck. So far as he might have been able to bring about a suitable respect for civil governments on the part of the Vatican he is a loss indeed.

Some fears, we observe, are expressed lest the House of Bishops, at its approaching meeting, may proceed to the election of a missionary bishop for Arizona and New Mexico. We are also informed that a petition for such election has been forwarded from New Mexico.

No fears need be entertained that any such election will be attempted. It cannot be made at any meeting not called on the written requisition of twelve bishops. No such requisition has been signed, and the matter cannot even come before the House. Whether such an election would or would not be desirable, there need be no fear that it will be attempted in any other than the canonical method.

Dr. Döllinger is not going back to Rome any more than Bismarck is going to Canossa. In view of the difference of opinion at the Old Catholic Synod, held at Bonn, about the matter of celibacy, the story was started that in case the clergy were allowed to marry, Dr. Döllinger would return to the Roman communion. By vote of the synod, however, marriage was declared allowable for sub-deacons and the clergy above them, and the learned doctor takes occasion to say in a letter that for about the fourteenth time the Ultramontane papers had announced his submission, and they would go on repeating it more frequently. "But I will not dishonor my old age," he says, "by a lie before God and man, of that you may be certain." Sooner than re-marry Rome, he would probably marry a wife, or at least let others do so.

Dean Close, of England, will not attend Church congresses, because he thinks he has no business there. The great peril of the day is compromise, amalgamation, and *suppressio veri.* He cannot abide your plausible, courteous, affiliating "dearly beloved brethren." Does he think, however, that members of the Right or Left are going to leave the French Assembly because surrounded by Conservatives? To be candid, however, while it does not follow that a Church congress is bound to discuss the burning questions which may agitate the Church, it is not bound to avoid them, and there is a feeling in certain quarters that the dearly beloved brethren of Church congresses are something too "colorless." Let Dean Close take notice that our coming Church congress is to discuss "The New Testament Doctrine of Absolution," as well as "The Novel in its Influence upon Modern Life." Is not here a chance for the lion and the unicorn, as well as for the gambols and loving sport of lambs?

By the death of Catharine Winkworth our readers will be reminded of the translator of that admirable collection of hymns, the "Lyra Germanica." That was no ordinary woman who could reproduce these masterpieces of German sacred song with so much fidelity and spirit. Here are hymns for the Sundays and chief festivals of the Christian year, some of them not to be surpassed in any language. In reading them one can only wonder at that unanimity of Christian faith and feeling which exists in every age and country. Indeed the translator says, in the preface to her work, that "these hymns have been translated not so much as specimens of German hymn-writing as in the hope that these utterances of Christian piety which have comforted and strengthened the hearts of many true Christians in their native country may speak to the hearts of some among us, to help and cheer those who must strive and suffer and to make us feel afresh what a deep and true communion of saints exists among all the children of God in different Churches and lands."

WORSHIPPING WITH GIFTS.

The *Scottish Guardian*, in introducing to its readers the necessities of a special object, made the following remarks:

"The American Churchman often shows a happy knack of putting forgotten or neglected truths in clear homely language, and also of giving sensible hints as to the practical management of Church affairs. In a recent issue it enunciates the following: 'The source or motive of giving to God, and the purpose to which the money given is to be applied, are entirely distinct. The purpose should never serve as the motive. Men are not to give because money is necessary; they are to give simply because giving is necessary; and giving is necessary for the sake of the givers. It is for the giver's own benefit that God expects him to give.' Now *dicta* in the aphoristic form are very attractive. They are a very convenient form for carrying about our luggage of thought. But they are sometimes a little delusive. The thought is packed so tight that it is not easy to get it out again for immediate practical use. There is an excellent truth in this paragraph of The Churchman, but the form requires to be qualified, especially as one or two words — 'purpose' and 'motive'—of ambiguous interpretation are introduced, though the meaning seems clear enough. As a statement of principle, little exception need be taken to the first and the last two sentences, but the intermediate clause requires some modification before applying it—'The purpose should never serve as a motive.' As a fact, the purpose or object which is outside ourselves cannot take the place of the motive—*i. e.*, the principle or affection within ourselves. But no doubt the purpose may serve as an occasion for our acting as if we had the right motive, and so may ensnare us into ostentation and hypocrisy. Probably this is what our shrewd and sound-minded contemporary means, and it hits at a very common form of self-deception.

"But we may surely introduce this qualification, that the purpose or object may properly influence the motive, since even the highest of all motives—the love of God—can scarcely be said to dictate or sanction an *indiscriminate* giving."

We appreciate the courtesy of these remarks. But we reprint them in order to correct their misapprehension, for others of our readers may have made the same mistake.

We do not advise "indiscriminate giving." Indeed there cannot be any such giving in the house of God, provided the nature of giving is properly understood and the principle properly carried out. The true idea is that men are to make offerings to Almighty God, "not as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." But they are to give because, for their own sakes, He requires it. They are to give absolutely, unreservedly, without attempting to determine how the money is to be used.

The discrimination is not in the giving, but in the expending.

Perhaps we shall make our meaning clear by a supposition. We will suppose the Church to be an ideal Church, or, to speak accurately, Churchmen to be ideal Churchmen. In that case each one, as he prepared to go to church, would take pains not to go empty-handed. He would provide himself with a sum of money, and he would do so with something like this thought in his mind: "I am about to go to God's house, to come into His presence on this His court day, in order to acknowledge my allegiance to him. What shall I bear with me as a gift, as a token of my

love? What shall I carry in acknowledgment of all the mercies He has poured upon me?"

It does not add to the argument, nay, it is not to be brought into consideration, that if this were the case the result would be that the aggregate of the gifts poured into the Lord's treasury, nay, even the gifts of single persons, would more than equal the "expenses of the parish." We cannot argue in regard to anything whatever in religious matters that it is right because it is successful.

But to go on with our supposition: every month or every week the authorities of the Church would meet to appropriate with discrimination the offerings which the people had freely made. For the Church is the body of Christ. Therefore she performs His material work upon earth. Through her officers —parochial, diocesan, or general—she acts as His almoner.

So then the necessary provision for the worship there and for the charitable works connected therewith would first be made out of the offerings in each place of worship. The remainder of the offerings would be sent to the diocesan authorities, and to those of the whole Church, for the work under their control. Thus the Church's officers would be all the while considering, not how shall money be raised, but how shall money be expended.

As for the individual members of the Church, they would on each Lord's day ask themselves, not "How little need I give in order to do my share in this or that work?" but "How much can I give in order to show my love for my Lord and my Saviour?"

FATHER CURCI'S SHOWING.

Father Curci's letter to the late pope obtained a world-wide notoriety. Father Curci's reconciliation with his successor, the world by this time understands, did not involve the retraction of a single statement. While unswerving in his attachment to the Church, his fearless testimony as to what passed before his eyes, and his unsparing denunciation of the corrupters and the corruptions about the Vatican, he never recalled.

His book, "Il Moderno Dissidio tra la Chiesa e l'Italia Considerato," is an enlargement and paraphrase of his famous letter to Pope Pius IX. It is loyal throughout to his own Church, and has no kind words for Protestantism. This, however, adds weight to his indictment of the Romanism of to-day. An Italian, in the *Foreign Church Chronicle*, expresses the wish that this production might be translated into all civilized tongues, that all might see what the Vatican is, and to what a nation is reduced that has been for centuries under its rule. He says: "Where the old seminarist prejudices speak, the book is not worth the trouble of reading; but when we come to facts, our attention is fettered by the masterly picture of the Romanist character, by the revelations and appreciations worthy of all study. The evil influence of the curia, which Curci calls *the current*, the wretched figure made by the representative of God, the state of religion in Italy, are described there in a clear and vigorous manner, which makes the work extremely valuable, especially to foreigners. It would be excellent reading for those simple persons who look on Romanism in the theatrical and poetical effect of its most external manifestations—music, pictures, incense, gold, silver, silk, flowers, damask, austere celibacy (oh, if they saw it near!), spectacles, representations. Let them read this book, written by one who has lived long years behind the scenes, and see what is the religious state of the country where the popes have had so much power, and for so long!"

THE PAST AND ITS VALUE.

No nation weak in its historic instincts can be either wise or great. It may have a certain brute greatness for a time, the greatness of numbers, and brawn, and fine physical circumstances, and opportunities, but that struggle will be coarse, and in all the higher ranges of life and civilization incapable; and unless the nation somehow gets into itself the forces and chastisements of culture, not even its mighty physicals can save it from early ruin. And there is nothing more charged with culture than a warm heart toward the past. With our minds open in that direction we take into ourselves a peace and a temperance and a mighty fructification, unattainable otherwise. Anchored back in that solemn stillness, the undue excitements of the passing present lose their too great hold upon us, and our life moves on in comparative repose. Our angry questions, our tremendous schemes, our energetic reforms, our dreadful defeats, our awful sorrows, our exaltation of single men as necessary to the success of this and that and to the victory of God's providence on the earth—all that extreme emphasis on to-day, because it is close before our eyes, and so close as to hide everything else, is rectified the moment we take all time into our conception and gauge each passing particular by its tranquil immensity—even as when we look into the immeasurable firmament, our little great things, and noisy, here below, are reduced to their true littleness.

This question of man against tyrants, on which we are engaged, and which it seems to us sometimes in our ardor has been really taken hold of now for the first time, and is by us to be settled forever —that cardinal question was always on hand in various forms: and if we walk back into history we find its great spaces strewn with battle-fields where armed men in hosts disputed on it and died. And this question of the material as against the spiritual, and this one of the eternal foundation of right and wrong, and this one of God, and that other one concerning eternity, and the one as to naturalism against the miraculous, and forty more that stand in the foreground of the nineteenth century and serve to agitate our life, never were absent from the mind of man, for the good reason that they are indestructibly interwoven with the interests of humanity as humanity. They have taken different phases at different periods, and sometimes one phase has come to the front and sometimes another; but they all were always present, perhaps covertly and latently, but there, watching their opportunity to spring into the field. And if we only widen our conception of these unweariable contests and take them in their full stretch from eternity to eternity, it will breathe a moderation into our activity—not the moderation of lassitude and indifference, but the moderation of a man who sees that he has grappled a task which cannot be suddenly finished by fire and spurt and spasm, the moderation and mingled earnestness of a man who understands well that debates and struggles which have been able to perpetuate themselves so long must have in them a curious, indestructible instinct of victory; yes, must be charged with the very life of God.

There is a mighty mental fructification to be derived from a conscious hold on the past. History is a movement of life analogous to the growth of a child. Humanity is the child and all time is the theatre of its unfolding, and every people, every literature, every system of laws, every philosophy, every living element of any present, is in some sort an offshoot and forth-putting from that organic historic movement. Inevitably that is so.

But if a man or a people have no knowledge of the past and no feeling for it, and are thus, as far as consciousness is concerned, separated from it and cut off (like a branch from a tree), then it is plain to be seen that although in the nature of things there never can be any perfect cut-off, any more than a child can disconnect himself from the life of his own mother beating in his veins; yet their incomes of all kinds from the past must be very much diminished, and their mental action disconnected by ignorance from its full organic stand in the stock and trunk of time, must be disproportionate and thin and unstimulating to the mind of the world. It may seem exceedingly original, just as it would be original in a branch to start out for itself, utterly oblivious of the parent tree; but that kind of originality is sterile, and whatever impression it may make at the time, it by and by comes to be considered an unprofitable eccentricity. No, no mentality is perfectly robust, sane, fruit-

yielding, and magnetic which does not articulate itself voluntarily and intelligently and diligently by a living joint upon the great life process of the world. A man thus ingrafted lives by the sap of the ages, and what he speaks forth has in it the authority of time.

A CRITERION FOR HERESY AND SCHISM.

The Roman Catholic says that the Bible is a Roman Catholic book; the Episcopalian says it is an Episcopal book; the Presbyterian says it is a Presbyterian book; the Congregationalist says it is a Congregationalist book; the Baptist says it is a Baptist book; the Quaker says it is a Quaker book; and so on. Who shall decide among them? The Bible evidently cannot settle their difficulties; for it is the very thing disputed about. As Dryden has put the matter in his "Religion of a Layman":

"For what one sect interprets, all sects may,
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian,
From the same Scripture, urges He's but man.
Now what appeal can end the important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute."

It all comes inevitably to this: that if there be not some way of interpreting Scripture, independently of schisms and sects, every man is right for himself, all are right and all are wrong together, truth and error are indifferently the same affair, and there is no such thing as religious certitude.

Suppose these disagreeing parties to bring the Bible into court and ask a judge to decide among them, what would he first say? Why, inevitably this, The verdict of history must settle the case among you. Our rule, when such diversities of construction about an old document come before us, that contemporaneous exposition must govern, is the strongest and the best (Wharton's "Legal Maxims," p. 57). Go into the history of Biblical interpretation, and if you can get a verdict from history, *that* ought to be your arbitrament, you can have no better. Personal constructions, personal opinions, will always vary, and vary forever. History must settle the case for you, or it is hopeless.

Well, then, the test question accordingly is, Has history settled the construction of the Bible? There is no historical fact plainer. History did not do this in a formal way, indeed, in the very earliest ages of Christianity, and for the simple reason that Christendom could not then express itself about the matter. Christianity was then under the ban of proscriptions or persecutions, and fighting defensively for its own actual existence. And these proscriptions and persecutions held on for a period long enough to wear out anything but the most devout faith and patience. The last and harshest of the terrific series was some ten years in continuance, from A. D. 303. And in that formidable decade Christianity, so far as human instrumentality could go, was wellnigh extinguished. Its chief ecclesiastics, its public buildings, its sacred books, were all alike assailed and crushed; and the religion was brought as low as it could well be by the hand of ingenious and restless vengeance.

Yet only a dozen years pass away, and, lo, Christianity is able to speak for itself with the voice of assembled Christendom. In the year 325 there was a congress of Christians from all quarters of Christendom, and representing all Christendom, to tell all Christendom what the Bible meant in regard to three fundamental matters—the proper doctrine of the Godhead, the proper government of the Church, and the proper worship of the Church. And that assembly, standing as it were on the apex of history, with the materials of history surrounding it, in the shape of creeds and canons and calendars and catechisms, solemnly bore witness, as it looked down the vistas of the past, that the doctrine of Christianity had been Trinitarian, its Church government episcopal, and its worship liturgical, from the very times of the Apostles.

Assembled Christendom (not merely so many bishops and other clergy, but assembled Christendom, in the attitude of contemplative and deliberate review) gave this most momentous decision. And assembled Christendom gave this decision, during the next hundred years, with all their vicissitudes, over, and over, and over again. Was there ever such a verdict from history as to what Christian doctrine, Christian Church government, and Christian Church worship had always been, and ought evermore to be? Can there be a better, or an equal one, unless the heavens should open, and a voice be heard as at the baptism of Jesus Christ?

Let us remember here our Saviour's firm prediction about the failure of the gates of hell in their attempts to hurl His Church from its foundations. Those gates had been letting loose their minions for centuries, and at last with redoubled energy, when, lo, Christianity rises erect from the dust and din and slaughter of remorseless battle and tells us calmly yet resolutely what she had been, what she then was, and what transmissively she was evermore to be. Can we ever expect a stronger or clearer decision, if history can settle anything? Christian doctrine is Trinitarian; Christian Church government is episcopal; Christian worship is liturgical, is the historical attestation, after ages of persecution, which drenched Christianity in its own blood and almost buried it under its own ruins.

If, therefore, history can prove anything, if the voice of Christendom over and over reiterated can prove anything, then the verdict which succeeded ages of the sorest trial and suffering must be a verdict to which any reasonable mind should bow. Not every mind, doubtless; for even Apostles, with the power of miracles and the voice of inspiration, could not satisfy everybody. "There must be also heresies among you," said St. Paul to the queasy and opinionated Corinthians, with the odor of Paradise (if one may say so) exhaling from his pen (I. Cor. xi. 19). Yes, a man who had visited the third heaven could not convince everybody; and how can it be expected that the far humbler apologists of this day can accomplish the matchless feat? Sabellius and his satellites, who made the Trinity a change rung upon names only—Arius and his satellites, who divided the very substance of the Godhead, and made the Son and the Holy Spirit but Divine similitudes—these men, by permutation and combination, brought forth crops of error, which at times have made the Christian world reel and sicken. Their cruelties, too, made them mighty; for one of their favorite pastimes has been to cut the very tongues out of those who would not pronounce their shibboleths. Aërius and his satellites are the first redoubted warriors against Episcopacy the Church knows of; and Hooker tells us their discreditable story ("Polity," Bk. vii., ch. 9). They date (say) from A.D. 360, but Anabaptists can go a little higher, to about A. D. 200. Tertullian is their virtual father. Infected in his later and superstitious days by a pious horror of sin after baptism, he induced many to postpone baptism till they had reached years when their passions would put them in less danger. The terror of such sin frightened the mind of a man like the first of Christian emperors, who accordingly was baptized on his deathbed. This error has had a singular vitality. It was alive when our Articles were under consideration, as the XVIth amply evinces. It lies at the bottom of those pretensions to perfection which marked the Anabaptists of continental Europe, and which have more or less infected the Baptists and Methodists of North America. And this, and many another religious fallacy, has that power of self-provocation which gives its advocates no rest. For, as Hooker most pertinently says, "When the minds of men are once erroneously persuaded that it is the will of God to have those things done which they fancy, their opinions are as thorns in their sides, never suffering them to take rest till they have brought their speculations into practice" (Pref. to "Polity," ch. viii., § 12). "False doctrine, heresy, and schism" are like the troubled sea, forever casting out its mire and dirt.

But if we will practise mental modesty, submission, and contentment; if we will allow the Bible to be interpreted as courts are continually interpreting disputed documents, by historical verdicts, the attainment of satisfac-

tion and soul-rest is by no means unhopeful. The apostolicity of Trinitarianism, of episcopal Church government, and liturgical worship, are as well established as the sentiments of any community on earth can be by the testimony of its own declarations. The attestations (for they are attestations rather than arbitrary decrees, as many untruly fancy) of the early councils of Christendom, assembled in the name of Christendom, and speaking with the voice of Christendom, are so plain upon the surface of history that New England Congregationalism once affirmed them. "How signally the Lord [the Lord, and not man!] hath owned the confession [confession, most properly, and not decree] of the four general synods or councils for the suppression of the heresies of those times, needs not to be said; since no man can be ignorant thereof that hath made it his concern to be acquainted with things of this nature." ("Cambridge Platform" of May 12th, 1680. Boston edition, 1829, p. 72.)

If the affirmation had only extended, as it might have done and ought to have done, to Church government and Church worship as well as to Church doctrine, Congregationalists and Episcopalians could have been at one through all New England to this very day. And upon the same platform it would be just as easy to bring all Christendom into concord as the "communion of saints."* And then the sublime petition of Christendom's great Head would meet its fulfilment, "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me" (John xvii. 21).

MOSAICS FROM THE EUCHARISTIC SCRIPTURES OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.†

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

It has been well said of the Christian ministry, that its succession is secured, not by the single line of even many strands together, but by the intertwining of many lines which cross each other, and so make a connection that cannot be severed and a unity that cannot be broken. We know that this is so of the books of Scripture, and of the doctrines of Christianity, interwoven with, and overlapping each other, so that they are only complete as a whole; and so that the preaching of the Gospel is fitly compared to letting down a net into the sea. This same sort of reticulation is plainly brought before us in the system of teaching with which these papers have to deal. The collects and eucharistic Scriptures of the Christian year make a network of truth, the crossing and recrossing of whose threads not only strengthens and makes complete the doctrine, but brings back to us the same thought constantly recurring; sometimes just the same, and sometimes continued into some new aspect and application. It is of this latter point that we are reminded today; but it is impossible to avoid a glance at the power this element has in it of making the Faith, as it has made the ministry, an indivisible unit. For no sooner has a heretic (a chooser) comfortably, and to his own satisfaction, gotten rid of an objectionable truth, by expunging a verse from one book of the Bible, or an expression from one office in the Book of Common Prayer, than back comes the same thing, in another text or another office. The thread he broke has run on into another mesh, and is firmly fastened there. If the succession of truth or of ministerial power were a chain, a broken link would spoil its connection and destroy its strength. But a network holds together, though here and there a knot be loosened or a strand be broken.

The other point, the recurrence and continuation of the same thought, is prominently before us in the leading lessons of to-day. The epistle recalls to us the teaching of four Sundays ago, in connection with "the sufferings of this present time," and of the manifestation of the sonship of God. And the old thought, on which we have been dwelling for two Sundays now, of the harder service and higher ground of service, runs out to-day into a new application and finds a new argument. The new application teaches us that our service is the service of sons. And the new argument is in that word we do not like to use, "debtors," which, nevertheless, expresses the very thought of duty. For duty means something *due*, and debt means something *owed*. And St. Paul puts it a good deal after the manner of his *implied* premise last Sunday; not saying we are *not* debtors to the flesh; but "we *are debtors* not to the flesh." So that we have now the active beauty of holy living enforced on four grounds: the death unto sin, so that we can no longer live therein; the service to righteousness, by which we must be free from sin; the duty, for which we are debtors to God; and the sonship of God, by whose Spirit we must be led. Passing as the expression is, this thought of our indebtedness is full of force and value. We owe everything we have to somebody, since "we have nothing that we did not receive." Who is the creditor? God; even in the least and lowest things; the very flesh itself, which claims so much from us, being really part of what we owe to God; your "*body* and your spirit which are God's." And for what are we most indebted to Him, for carnal or for spiritual gifts? Chiefly for the latter; for spiritual sonship, for the spirit of adoption, the *πνεῦμα υἱοθεσίας*. "We are debtors not *to* the flesh" at all; but we owe to God *our flesh*, made in His likeness, glorified in His Incarnation, dignified by His indwelling Spirit, and anticipating the honor it has in the ascended Lord, of "being made like the body of His glory." And we owe Him, besides, for even higher gifts, the larger debt of our whole nature. It is only necessary to add, that "living after the flesh," making the flesh our creditor, has the same end as choosing sin for our master; "ye shall die." Whereas, "if through the Spirit ye mortify," that is, put to death by the slow process of gradual self-conquest, "the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

The higher thought, however, of to-day—higher in part because it includes the other—is not of debt, but of sonship. And the sonship that is spoken of here is that not of birth only, but of life. The first verse of the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans belongs, by a very close connection, to the fourteenth verse. Men must first be "in Christ Jesus," and then must "walk after the Spirit"—that is, there must first be birth before there is life. But a life not fulfilling the power and the purpose of its birth violates and vitiates it. To be the sons of God indeed we must not only be born of, but be "led by, the Spirit of God." Else we are, as the prodigal in the parable, "wasting our living," *τον βίον*. And this motive of a child's willing servi not only makes religious life more real, b makes it more acceptable to God. We did not receive at our baptism what is called here in two meanings "the spirit of bondage again to fear." For the spirit that we received does not lead us back again to serve the masters that we served before, the flesh; or Egypt, the world; or Pharaoh, the devil. Nor does it lead us back again to *any* bondage to *fear*. It admits us to the privileges of dutiful love; for it is the spirit of adoption, of son-making—that is, the Spirit that makes us sons, "in whom we cry," and who, in us, cries "Abba, Father." So complete is the brotherhood of this son-making that "the Gentiles are fellow-heirs" with the Jews, and all "joint heirs with Christ." And so He pleads for both, and so both pray through Him, the Jew, "Abba," and the Gentile, *Πατήρ*, Father; each in his own tongue. And as this sonship grows and ripens (as good trees grow to bear good fruit) the Spirit, which is its life, *συμμαρτυρεῖ*, "witnesses with our spirit," in the "fruits," as St. Paul calls them, of our holy living, that "we *are* the children of God." And then that this thought of sonship may have in it what we learned two Sundays ago, the greater help and the more glorious rewards of the Christian life, the promise of the inheritance is added: "heirs," as sons are, and "joint heirs," with our elder Brother, of our Father which is in heaven. Under such gracious teaching the collect takes new meaning and new power. For the God, whose "merciful providence orders all things in heaven and earth," is the God to whom we cry "Our Father." If we, "being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children," how much more will He surely put away "things hurtful" from, and surely give "things profitable to," those whom He calls His sons. He sendeth rain to every *one* grass in the field. He numbers separate hairs. A sparrow falls not, without Him, to the ground. His providence is minute, and it is merciful—merciful above all to his children. Only His wisdom shapes and directs His love. What is "hurtful," what is "profitable," He must decide, not we dictate to Him. And in this thought the Apostle points out to us, God's other sons, not only our future heritage of *the* Son's glory, but our share here in His sufferings; heirs together, *συγκληρονόμοι*; sufferers together, *συμπασχοντες*; that we may be glorified together, *συνδοξασθῶμεν*.

The holy gospel presents us, still under another figure of life, life received, life to be perfected in fruitage, the thought of the epistle. Coming to make the application of His figure at the end, our Lord enforces, with striking similarity and intense urgency, the danger of unrealness in the prayer or the profession of a Christian man. The Son crying "Abba, Father," or the servant saying "Lord, Lord," must have the "witness of the Spirit" in his life, must "do the will of the Father in heaven." The figure itself of the tree and

* The history of this phrase refers it to the Church below, and not to the Church above. It was introduced into the Apostles' Creed as a protest against schisms.

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its fruit has the same lessons which the epistle teaches. The tree is known by its fruit; from a good tree, good fruit; from a corrupt tree, evil fruit. And yet the witness of nature, to which our Lord appeals, makes evident enough that there is no *perfectionism* here, no theory that once good is always good; no fatalism here of irresistible necessity; nor, by the same witness, is there any teaching here that a life sinful to-day could never have been a life born into the sonship of God. A good tree, while it brings forth good fruit, is good. If it bring forth evil fruit it is because it has *become* corrupt, σαπρὸς, rotten. And a tree that has *become* rotten once was a sound tree. Trees of the Lord's planting, still more, trees into which has been set "the engrafted Word," are good trees at the start. But we must not rely *upon*, because God will not be content *with*, these mere abstract facts. We must bring forth good fruit if we would be accounted at the last good trees. Ever so good at the start, we may become decayed, corrupt. And, as we may not rest on sonship given by birth, but only on that sonship perfected by the leading, assured by the witness, and manifest in the fruits, of the Spirit; so we may not depend on planting or on grafting, but must pray and strive that the tree planted and grafted may be kept from the hurtful things that will make it corrupt, and enriched by the good things which shall profit to its fruit bearing. Fruitless trees, or trees whose yield is worthless, in whatever way, are Christian men, with all the possibility of Christian manhood, who have wasted, corrupted, destroyed the power which, rightly used, would have given them "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." And while the first chief warning speaks to such as these to *use* the grace that has been given them, and not rest idly on the mere fact of its giving, because they will be judged, as was the fig-tree by the wayside, by their fruits, and not by the flaunting leaves of their professions; yet the other lesson is not to be overlooked. Thorns and thistles cannot grow grapes or figs. Corrupt trees cannot bear good fruit. And our nature must be made good first; the old stock must be grafted. We must receive the Spirit of God, the life of Christ, the stir and power of Divine grace, or we cannot bring forth the fruit of good living.

A careful construction of our Lord's words in the opening verses of the gospel would somewhat help to correct the dangerous separation which men are too apt to make between doctrine and duty, between a right faith and a holy life. For these "false prophets," or false teachers, against whom we are warned, are to be known by their fruits, and their fruits are *not* their lives. The fruit of a *teacher* is first his teaching, and then the result of his teaching upon others. And if a prophet's teaching is not according to the rule or canon of the Faith, then he is a false prophet, however pure his life, however great his zeal, however good his motive. We *may* tolerate error in belief in others whose lives are holy. We must shame ourselves into confusion in contrast with such as these, when we disfigure by fruitless or corrupt lives our confession of the true Faith. But we must not confuse the two. It is a maudlin parody of charity which teaches that it makes no difference what a man believes if his heart is right. "Charity rejoiceth in *the truth*." And *error in teaching* is the fruit by which we know a prophet to be false, a teacher to be untrue. Surely when one looks out to-day at the beautiful flock of Christ, folded in antagonistic folds, or folded not at all, and this because of the divisions and "damnable heresies" among Christian teachers and believers, one learns how truly these false prophets are "ravening wolves," rending and devouring and driving away Christ's sheep. And learning this, one comes to count among the hurtful things, which we pray to have put away, false teachers and their teaching. "From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, good Lord, deliver us."

Wm. Croswell Doane.

THE AMERICAN AND COLONIAL BISHOPS AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The sermons which the American and Colonial bishops are now preaching at the Sunday services at St. Paul's cathedral are naturally attracting considerable attention as illustrations of the oratorical power, of the scholarship, and of the ecclesiastical views of the several prelates; while, regarded collectively, their discourses may, we suppose, be held to offer a tolerably fair representation of the sister Church of the United States, and of the daughter Churches of our colonies and of the mission field. And, whether looked at as an indication of the mental and spiritual standard of the American and Colonial Episcopate, or as a representation of the prevailing tone of thought on religious questions in the distant outposts of our Church, the result, as far as we have yet been able to judge, is eminently satisfactory. If we had gone to the cathedral simply with a view to indulging in criticism upon the discourses preached on the last few Sundays in regard to style or subject matter our verdict would of necessity, and in common justice, have been one of praise; but in looking at the words which have fallen from the bishops from a more general point of sight, and viewing them in the aggregate as a reflection of the ideal which our Church is presenting for the imitation of her members in distant lands, we see still greater cause for thankfulness, and it may not be uninteresting to note a few of the prominent features by which these discourses have been marked.

And, in the first place, in each and all of these sermons, whether by the Colonial or American prelates, there has been a very noticeable insistence upon the true theory of the Church as a divinely appointed society set up on earth, with privileges arising from the realization of the idea of fellowship, for the loss or absence of which nothing can possibly compensate. The Church, in fact, seems to be present to the minds of these right reverend preachers as a body in which union and unity are essential, as a body formed of many members, but still one in devotion and in association for the promotion of God's glory and of the welfare of men, and thus in almost each sermon this overmastering conviction has forced itself to the front, and has given great force to the preacher's words. Having thus driven home the thought of membership and sonship, the inferences deducible from it—of duty to God and man, of privileges depending on it and growing from it, of present and future blessings attainable only by and through a maintenance of the connection—this and much more has been set forth, and instead of that labored defence of particular dogmas or theories on which some of our own preachers spend so much time and effort, the spirit of these discourses has been essentially the spirit of the Church, the principle of union and of brotherhood having been always kept prominently before the people. This then has seemed to be what we may term the cardinal point in the episcopal teaching, and all else, if not made subordinate to it, has grown naturally and logically out of it. Given the idea of the great brotherhood, and the duties, the mutual interdependence of its members naturally suggest themselves as a logical and legitimate development. Given the idea of the Church, with its divinely appointed sacraments for the admission of its members and for the sustenance of their spiritual life, and the folly of severing the link between the individual and the society which, as a society, can claim these blessings, is at once apparent. Given the idea of the Church as a Divine institution, with a living Head and a regularly appointed ministry, and the necessity of honoring and supporting that ministry, of increasing its numbers and of enlarging the sphere of its operations, becomes so apparent, that to assist in the work is a duty from which there is no escape. It is on this foundation, if we may judge their deeds by their words, that the bishops have been building; and those who have listened to them have thus been privileged to come away cheered and encouraged by the thought that the conception of the Church presented to our brethren in the great republic of the new world, and in our numberless settlements in the old, is so true to the Divine pattern, so instinct with the Divine life.

But while the existence, the aims, and the functions of the Church have thus been put plainly and directly before the people, not in the place of God, but as the means appointed by Him for the approach of His creatures to their great and glorious heritage, and as the all-enclosing brotherhood in which He has ordained that men are to live here on earth, there have been other features in the sermons which deserve more than the passing note which our space enables us to give. Prominent in each discourse has been the distinct enunciation of evangelical doctrine, which has, in fact, been insisted upon quite as strongly as the importance of the maintenance of apostolic order; and the ability with which these two great parts of our Church system have been brought out has been most noteworthy and deserving of the widest possible imitation. In England it is too much the fashion with preachers, and especially with those who are identified with the parties into which we are so unhappily divided, to insist on the one to the exclusion of the other. This is a mistake which our visitors do not make. With them the realization of evangelical truth does not obscure the necessity of a system, defined and well ordered, as the only practical means of reaching the hearts of men and of retaining a hold upon them; and it would be well indeed for the Church at home if the same combination of great truths were always secured with the same completeness. The last feature which has been noticeable in the sermons is the earnest devotion of the preachers to the mother-Church of England, and their hearty admiration for the work which she has done and is doing, coupled with a strong protest against any attempt to sever the connection which exists between her and the other Churches in union with her. For these and other reasons we hold that these sermons are likely to be of essential value to the Church,

and that the provision for their delivery was a most wise proceeding on the part of the dean and chapter.—*English Churchman.*

THE VICAR OF CHRIST.

In the Pastoral Letter of 1868 the title Vicar of Christ was applied to the Holy Spirit. Objections were made to this in various quarters, on the ground that it involved an inferiority of the Holy Spirit to the Son, and was therefore heretical. Of late, the phrase having been used again, it is again objected to on the ground that it interferes with the one Mediatorship of our Lord, and implies an insufficient view of the Church as the new creation in Christ. They who use it are spoken of as a "sort of timid and half-and-half Churchmen." We take issue with these objections, and also with the accusation. To our minds that is a sadly confused sort of Churchmanship which raises the objections and makes the accusation.

As to the first objection. If the assertion that our Lord has sent the Holy Spirit to act for Him and in His name is taken as asserting also an inferiority of the Holy Spirit to Christ, then, we ask, where does the inferiority reside? In the being sent or in the acting for? Or, possibly, in both?

Surely not in the being sent. For the Holy Spirit *was* sent by our Lord as well as by the Father (St. John xx. 26). And the Son himself was sent also by the Father (St. John's Gospel *passim*), and becomes thereby "the Apostle of our profession." Inferiority, then, is not to be sought in the act of sending, but in the character of the one sent. Indeed, the objection that being sent by Christ implies inferiority on the part of the Holy Spirit is, in fact if not in form, as old as the days of St. Basil the Great; and, together with many other matters, is considered and answered by him in his wonderful treatise, "Concerning the Holy Spirit."

Much the same line of remark applies to the objection raised against saying that the Holy Spirit acts for Christ. If He does not act for Christ, how are such passages as "the Holy Ghost said, Separate Me Barnabas and Saul," and "the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers," to be explained? Did not and does not the Son himself act for the Father? God the Father created all things; but all things were surely created by (διὰ) the Son. Who finds any contradiction here? Who ever feels any difficulty in saying of the Father, in the beginning of the Creed, "Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible," and then, later on, in saying of the Son, "by whom all things were made"? Tertullian does not hesitate (against Praxeas, ch. xxiv.) to call our Lord the *Vicar of the Father.* Where then is the difficulty in saying that our Lord administers the Church by (διὰ) the Holy Spirit? Indeed, what else can be said?

St. Basil says ("On the Holy Spirit," ch. xxxix.): "Is not the setting in order of the Church, clearly and without contradiction, effected by (διὰ) the Spirit?"

Bishop Andrewes says, in his sixteenth sermon on the sending of the Holy Ghost: "The sum of all is that, Christ's errand being done, and He gone up on high, the Spirit this day visibly came down, *for Him and in His name and stead,* to take the charge and to establish an order in the Church; which order or establishment is here set down," namely, in I. Corinthians xii. 4–7, the text of the sermon.

Bishop Moberly says (Bampton Lectures, p. 16): "When on the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit came down in the fuller and more peculiar manner that characterizes His presence in the Church, the Church received the full gift which her Lord had partially bestowed upon her before; and *in that presence she retained His presence also.*"

There are, also, more and more definite words to be quoted from Bishop Andrewes. Cardinal Bellarmine had objected against James I. that he denied the Roman pontiff to be the monarch of the whole Church, and declared the Holy Spirit to be the Vicar of Christ; and had then added: "Since he who executes the office of another is ordinarily inferior to him whose office he executes, surely, if the Holy Spirit executes the office of Christ in governing the Church, He must be inferior to Christ."

Bishop Andrewes replies: "If we suffer Christ, and Him who is sent by Christ, the Spirit, *without any other vicar,* to be set over this duty [*i. e.*, of governing the Church]; if contented with these two, we consider ourselves safer under the guidance of the Holy Spirit than under the pope; the cardinal feels pressed. . . . He says: 'If any one asserts that the Holy Spirit executes the office of Christ, he makes Him inferior to Christ.' Yet he says it diffidently. For he adds: 'He who executes the office of another is *ordinarily*—not *absolutely*—inferior. *Ordinarily!* He meditates flight under this word, if he is hard pressed. He will not, I know, deny that the Spirit is sent by Christ. But, *ordinarily,* he that is sent is inferior to him who sends; as Peter was inferior to the college of Apostles who sent him to Samaria. He cannot deny that the Spirit was sent for a vicarious work; to recall to memory what Christ had said; nor that He was to speak, not of Himself, but what He received of Christ. And what else is this than *vices explere,* to execute the office of another? What does the very name *Paraclete* mean but *Advocate?* And what does *Advocate* mean but one executing the office of another? Christ our Advocate is not, I trust, inferior to us. Tertullian does not hesitate to use the word Vicar; in *De velandis virginibus,* he says: 'Ab illo *Vicario* Domini Spiritu'; and again, in *De praescriptionibus,* "Dei villicus, Christi *Vicarius* Spiritus Sanctus." Nor is Tertullian *ordinarily,* because of that word, called a heretic" (Answer to Bellarmine, p. 292).

The editor of the *Church Eclectic,* in the number for July, says: "The fashion now is with a timid sort of half-and-half Churchmen to talk of the Holy Spirit as being 'Christ's Vicar on earth,' as having come to take Christ's vacant place, instead of to accomplish His presence, so that really they seem to believe the Holy Spirit is our Mediator with the Father, and there is little or no sense of the new creation actually established among men."

We have never supposed that anybody held that our Lord had vacated His place as Head of the Church, by making the Holy Spirit the administrator of the new covenant in His blood. As to interference with our Lord's mediatorship, we ask attention to what follows:

The excellent John Scott has not usually been considered a timid or half-and-half Churchman. Yet he says: "Another thing which the Scripture proposes to our belief concerning this Mediator is, that upon His return from us to heaven, there to mediate personally for men with God, He substituted the Divine and Omnipresent Spirit personally to promote and effectuate His mediation for God with men. When He went up to heaven, there to mediate for us with God, He did not thereby abandon His mediation for God with us, but immediately substituted a certain mighty, spiritual Being to act for Him, whom He calls the Advocate, or, as we render it, the Comforter and the Holy Ghost, and who was to mediate with men in His behalf even as He mediated with them in the behalf of His Father, and to advocate for His authority as He advocated for His Father. For so He tells His ministers, whom He left behind Him to assert and propagate His authority in the world, I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter or Advocate, *i. e.*, to plead for, and enforce your ministry in My behalf, whose ministers you are, that He may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth, etc. I will not leave you comfortless, or without an advocate. I will come to you, that is, by this Spirit of Truth who is to be My Vicegerent, even as I am My Father's. And, indeed, considering the mighty part He was to act, viz., to mediate under Christ for God with men, the same reasons which rendered it necessary for Christ to be God to qualify Him for His office, do render it altogether as necessary for the Holy Ghost to be so.

"And accordingly you may observe that after Christ's departure from this world the Holy Ghost acted immediately under Christ as the *supreme Vicegerent* of His kingdom. For next and immediately under Christ He authorized the bishops and governors of the Church, and constituted them overseers of the flock of Christ (Acts xx. 28); it was He that chose their persons and appointed them their work (Acts xiii. 2), and gave them their several orders and directions (Acts xv. 28, xvi. 6); in all which it is evident He acted under Christ, and still continues to act as His supreme *Substitute* and *Vicegerent,* and accordingly He is styled by Tertullian the vicarious Virtue or Power, as He was the supreme *Vicar* and Substitute of Christ in mediating for God with men, so that the Holy Ghost is subordinate to the Son, not only by virtue of His procession from Him together with the Father, but also by virtue of His being purchased and obtained by Him of the Father by His meritorious death and intercession." (Scott's "Christian Life," part ii., chap. vii.)

Bishop Andrewes apparently goes somewhat further, touching mediation, than John Scott; for he says (Sermon IV. on the sending of the Holy Ghost): "But sent He is, as well to mediate with us for God as with God for us." Neither he nor John Scott could ever have intended to deny the one Mediatorship of our Lord.

If now, in the advance of theology in these latter days, we have got beyond such authorities as those quoted, let something be added from a review of to-day, which has not usually been considered "timid" or "half-and-half."

The English *Church Quarterly Review,* in an able article on the evidence of Holy Scripture touching "the personal privilege of Peter," has the following passage:

"It is to be remembered, that as the Gospel is the harmonious development and spiritual fulfilment of the typical Mosaic Law, we are entitled to look for some parallel in the Gospel for every salient type or incident under the Law, with, however, this weighty and invariable difference, that the antitype is never

identical with the type, but belongs to a less carnal and more spiritual order, so that there is never an exact reproduction of the earlier ordinance; as the Holy Eucharist, when compared with the animal sacrifices, exemplifies; and still more the substitution of Christ for the Levitical high-priests (Hebrews vi. 20; vii. 15–28; viii. 1–6). Now the two greatest Old Testament types of Christ are Moses as law-giver and prophet, and David as king and prophet. Each of those takes measures to appoint his successor before his own death, and to secure his acceptance by the nation. The delegation by Moses to Joshua is recorded in Numbers xxvii. 15–23, and in Deuteronomy xxxi. 23; the action of David is recorded in I. Kings i. 32–35; and in each case the action is formal and explicit.

"Now those two examples have three points in common: (*a*) they take place just before the deaths of the chief actors; (*b*) they are express and unambiguous in their designation of the successor's name; (*c*) they are attended by public ceremonial solemnities. And we are justified, by the analogy of faith, in looking for some cognate action on Christ's part, only this analogy would be violated, not observed, by a precise agreement in the human element of the proceeding.

"Accordingly, we do find it, and exactly in the higher plane to be expected. On the night before His death Christ formally designated *His Vicar on earth*, and that in the most precise and definite terms, to the necessary exclusion of any other (St. John xiv. 16, 17, 26; xv. 26; xvi. 7, 13, 14, 15).

"The formal installation of *this Vicar of Christ* is also recorded (Acts ii. 1–4).

"The parallel thus holds good in all the three particulars common to the appointment of Joshua and Solomon, besides fulfilling the further condition essential to its Gospel character of belonging to a higher order of things, inasmuch as a Divine Being—not a mere man, however commissioned—*is sent to occupy the place of the departed Law-giver and King*. The nomination of any Apostle would have left the act of Christ on exactly the same level as those of Moses and David—or rather, on a much lower one, since the interval between Him and St. Peter is much vaster than that between Moses and Joshua, or David and Solomon—and thus it would have provided no real antitype for the type and shadow under the old covenant."

We may or may not accept the view here propounded; we may or may not receive the argument as of weight against making St. Peter and the Roman pontiffs Christ's vicars. That is neither here nor there. The quotation proves that a review of to-day, which is certainly neither "timid" nor "half-and-half," finds no difficulty—quite the contrary indeed—in the phrase objected to.

On the whole, is it worth while for any purposes to revive the fallacies of theologasters of the fourth century, or to serve up the *crambe repetita* of Cardinal Bellarmine?

LETTER FROM BISHOP PENICK.

CAPE MOUNT, LIBERIA, WEST AFRICA,
June 8th, 1878.

The days fly swiftly by here. The much dreaded, long, rainy season is upon us, and I find it by no means so awful as anticipated. I am actually enjoying it. We get from four to six hours of out-door work nearly every day. And as for the natives, they are dressed for the occasion and can cut bush through all the showers and come out dry like a duck.

We are all in good health, save two of my four Gedeboes, brought from Cape Palmas; one is suffering from a rising on his hand, caused by the use of a cutlass here. His hands had gotten too soft, but a few weeks, we hope, will enable him to take his part with the rest of us in this war against "bush," as they call it. The other invalid has African fever, and they tell me the natives always have it when they change localities. Take it all and all, here, as far as I can see, the white man, if he has the true mettle in him, stands it as well as the blacks. At any rate the negroes have been the greatest sufferers, as far as I have observed. D. V., two more months will put us in our own homes on the mountain, where I think we may enjoy as good health as in the malarious parts of the United States; in fact I am enjoying as good health here as in Baltimore. I make no promises for the future, but I can certainly say it is not so bad thus far.

But there is another cause far different from African fever that seriously and sadly weighs us down. We stand where we can *see* the horrors and *hear* the sad, hopeless wails of these poor, wretched, *lost* heathen. And to see how indifferent Christendom is to their doom and the Lord's command! If there is one crying sin towering heaven high to-day, it is the neglect of the heathen. Talk of heresies, ritualism, or any of the hundred causes of contention, discord, heart-burnings, and strife; and what are these to the leaving 500,000,000 of souls to die eternal death? Indifferent, while God's ear hears one unbroken wail from these dying ones! Oh what can arouse the Church to see and feel the depth of this sin? I can conceive of nothing on earth more horrible than to waste the hours allotted us to speed to their rescue in social or ecclesiastical luxury. And yet, how has this spirit of self-indulgence seized Christendom? Why, we cannot neglect these perishing souls without rudely mutilating every principle of the New Testament and distorting the proportions of every part of the blessed Gospel of Jesus. Oh how hollow, empty, delusive, and awful it is to attempt to atone for our wilful disobedience by elegant churches, grand cathedrals, eloquent sermons, artistic music, or any other thing. We want less of that material worship which sent the disciples to Jesus with, "Behold what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" and more of that wisdom, foresight, and purpose which burned in the bosom of the Master when He said, "There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." Men and brethren, what is it to be a Christian? Is it not to be fired with the aims and hopes and purposes of Jesus? It is. Surely it is glory to feel as He felt, to press on as deep into the battle which He sets in array, to drive His purposes as near completion—yea, to be as Godlike—as possible. *Now*. The glory of His kingdom cannot be measured by carved stones, cushioned pews, eloquent pulpits, nor swaying multitudes, but by the number of men and women whose souls are fired with the purposes of His soul, and whose spirits bound in intensified joy with His. We want a theology of Christian purpose, and we want no men in the surplice, gown, or robes who have not heroism enough to lead their companies into the doing of those purposes. If any man is afraid to teach and do just as far as Jesus orders, let him know He is a perjured sinner, condemned by his baptismal, confirmation, and ordination vows, and not fit to be a leader in the armies of the living God.

Oh, brethren, how dare we stand looking on the holy heroism of Mount Calvary, with that all-commanding "Go into all the world" ringing in our ears, and yet leave a fibre of body, brain, or spirit unstretched to obey?

Think not I am writing for any selfish purpose. God forbid that I should ever set forth any work or plan of mine before the glory and good of Zion. I am seeking you, not yours. He is my witness. So far as means, etc., for my work here are concerned, I have learned in what condition I am, therewith to be content, too. If God sends less means, it is simply a call to us here for more work. And He can make our want testify for Him as glorious as our abundance. Yea, in the great hereafter our glory will be measured by what we loved, endured, and suffered for Jesus, not by the abundance and ease we had here. When the mother of Saints James and John asked that they might sit the one on His right and the other on His left hand in His kingdom, He spoke, looking at those things which promote in that kingdom: "Are ye able to drink of the cup and be baptized with the baptism I shall be baptized with?" They whose burning love carries them deepest into the conflict with Him, and covers them with the scars of His holy war, shall not be ashamed in that day, for if we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him, and it is thus these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far greater and eternal amount of glory. I speak these glorious truths that men may know I seek not theirs for my work, but them for the glory of God. There has been so much miserable begging in the name of missions that a missionary is looked upon almost everywhere as narrow and selfish in what he asks. I spurn and repudiate the idea. Missions are the grandest and loftiest purpose that can possibly absorb the brain and heart of man here. And, so far as heaven has disclosed its glories, they form the grandest exhibition of God yet vouchsafed. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." What is grander? The glory of creation pales before the cross.

Men and brethren, what are we doing? What strange infatuation allures us away from an aim so lofty and a glory so Godlike? It is useless to laud our poor efforts. Every truthful heart knows that we are not marching one thousandth part of our strength to this war for Jesus and the eternal life of millions. Woe, woe, woe to them that sit at ease in Zion. May the spirit of the living God awake us, or we die. C. C. PENICK.

ENGLAND.

ILLNESS OF THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.—It was announced that Dr. Maclagan, the newly consecrated Bishop of Lichfield, was seriously ill, in consequence, doubtless, of the great excitement he has recently undergone. His physicians advised him to abstain, for a time, from all episcopal work.

Later reports say that the bishop has fully recovered and resumed the discharge of his duties.

THE SERVICES AT ST. PAUL'S.—The *John Bull* of July 20th says: "Last Sunday St. Paul's cathedral was crowded at every service, the novelty of a bishop preaching at each of the services attracting worshippers from all parts, not only of the metropolis, but from the suburbs. At the evening services there was not a seat to be obtained long before the service commenced, and before the sermon began there was scarcely standing room. It was a magnificent sight to see the cathedral thus crowded, and must have cheered the hearts of the good dean and his colleagues of the chapter, who have arranged for these special Episcopal preachers. The hymns selected were most appropriate, and were heartily joined in by the congregation. But perhaps the most impressive sight was that of the large congregation, with only a few exceptions, kneeling down to receive the benediction of the aged prelate of Western New York, Dr. Cleveland Coxe, the preacher on the occasion. Here are the closing words of the sermon: 'Never again, in all probability, shall I be privileged to speak beneath this majestic dome; bear with me then if I say a word in reference to the benefits which the Church of England has conferred upon the world. It had long been said with sneers by her enemies that she was insular and incapable of extending herself, that she had no elasticity, and was devoid of external mission. That reproach is removed, for she has in our own day planted her missions far over the seas in every land. In the midst of the young republic from which we are come to call her blessed there is a Church, not legally connected with her, and differing from her on some minor points, working among different classes, and asserting its power and using it, attracting the most educated minds, and refining, purifying, and harmonizing divergent elements, and, better than all, uniting all true Christians in one Church and one majestic worship. The glory of England is not only in her palaces, in her churches, in her songs of praise rising from such a place as this, though these are beautiful and blessed things to praise God for, but in the fact that her missionary bishops and the American bishops deriving their orders from her Church are preaching in all quarters of the world, in the distant island and amid the ocean,

that our prayers are responded to by the savage, and our hymns ascend from the prairie. God grant that she may still be blessed! God hears the prayer of one who owes to her more than he can hope for from any other source; God grant the people of England may appreciate their glorious historic Church, and that she and her daughters may prove worthy instruments of Almighty God in evangelizing the nations and in promoting the unity of the one great brotherhood.'"

MR. JENKINS AND DR. PUSEY.—In introducing his bill into parliament on the subject of ritualism Mr. Jenkins supported his case by commenting upon certain teaching and practices of the ritualists. Dr. Pusey comes in for his share of censure. The doctor, however, with his usual promptness, immediately through the newspapers replies to some statements of Mr. Jenkins. He says: "Mr. Jenkins is said to have charged me with 'knowing a great deal more about' certain things 'than I profess to do' in my preface to a work which I edited—'Advice on Hearing Confession,' etc. This is, of course, charging me with a lie without any proof of it, except Mr. Jenkins's own imagination. Whether Mr. Jenkins is right in so doing, or whether it belongs to the privileges of the House of Commons to make charges against one absent which the speaker would not allow to be made against one present, I must leave to Mr. Jenkins. But Mr. Jenkins made a more serious charge, that in the book itself he 'came to a passage in which it was taught that children were not bound to obey their parents.' The passage, I suppose, is one in which an uneducated child is asked whether he has disobeyed his parents in serious and *just* matters. The word just is italicized immediately afterwards. I suppose Mr. Jenkins would not wish a child to obey his parent if commanded to lie or steal or break any other of God's commandments, or to marry or take orders or monastic vows at his parent's command, or to choose a state of life for which he believed himself to be unfitted. Yet these are the instances which are mentioned in the book. Mr. Jenkins thinks it a great offence that I say that it is the duty of a clergyman not to reveal anything, even past murder, confessed to him. I marvel by what law of God or man he can hold us bound to do it. We are not police officers or detectives, but physicians of souls, whose duty it is to lead men to repentance, not to publish their sins. The State could in any case receive no damage; for it is certain that any one who had committed such a crime would not intrust this knowledge of it to our keeping if he thought that we could abuse such knowledge by bringing him to the scaffold. On 'more delicate subjects' I do not believe there is a single sentence in my book which a modest person might not read."

To this Mr. Jenkins responds that, as the report of his speech as given in the papers was not quite accurate, he will let the first charge remain until Dr. Pusey shall have read precisely what he did say. As to the other charges he says:

"I will first give the passage as I read it to the House ('Advice on Hearing Confession.' Parker, 1878. Edited by Dr. Pusey, p. 131):

"'Ask children (1) if they have nourished hatred toward their parents, which is a double sin against charity and piety; (2) if they have disobeyed them in serious and just matters, such as going out at night, gambling, frequenting bad society, etc. I say in *just* matters, because as regards the choice of a state of life children are not bound to obey their parents. In truth, parents sin grievously when they force their children to marry or to take orders, or monastic vows, or when they deter them by unjust means from the state of life they seek to follow.'

"The italics are in the book.

"I have looked all around this passage and I find nothing whatever about an 'uneducated child.' It is obviously intended for all children. My remark on this passage was, and is, of this sort: 'The effect of this is to make the priest the arbiter, in certain cases of discretion, as to what a parent may or may not justly call upon a child to do. How would you, as fathers or husbands, like to have a man, assuming to speak with God's authority, stepping in between you and your child, or you and your wife, and prescribing what is "just" in regard, for instance, to such questions as marriage or the choice of a mode of life.'"

"This I asked and again ask. It is perfectly obvious that if the child may be taught by his director that he need not regard the will of his parents that he is to take vows, the converse is equally true. He may 'justly' decline to be guided by their commands that he is not to take orders. He may be advised to conceal from them that he wishes and intends to do so. Clearly I was not objecting, as Dr. Pusey, with a rare absence of penetration for him, suggests, to the ordinary moral rule that a child is not bound to obey his parents if they command him to sin; but I was protesting against the intervention, in regard to matters of paternal discretion and responsibility, of an authority, secret, professing to be supernatural, and, by the very conditions of the situation, invested with tremendous power over the child's conscience. I think that English fathers and husbands will not be much comforted by Dr. Pusey's explanation of his views in the letter I am answering. Any one can see that a little straining of his directions by a designing or a foolish priest—and such men are possible—might create infinite family discords, melancholy social dispeace. It is one of the inevitable consequences of the doctrine of the confessional that the priest shall step in between husband and wife, and parents and child, in matters not alone of Scriptural obligation, but of personal and family discretion. The passage in question by no means restricts the subject matters of this distinction to the points mentioned.

"2. Dr. Pusey endeavors to defend himself from my criticism on the following passage in his preface:

"'Obvious as it is, it is necessary to say that, by the fact of receiving a confession, no priest acquires any right whatsoever. If any should have received confession of a sin, which would make him who confessed it amenable to the criminal law (as murder), it is as if the grave closed over it.'

"My comment was very simple. I said that, whatever the rule might be in the Roman Church, Dr. Pusey was an English Church clergyman and a citizen of Great Britain. Not having been invested by the law with the right to receive and to reserve secret the confessions of criminals, he was not exempted from the ordinary rule of law that a man becoming acquainted with the fact of a felony committed and concealing that fact is guilty of misprision of felony, the penalty for which is fine and imprisonment. ('Hale's Pleas of the Crown,' 375; 'Russell on Crimes,' 5th ed., p. 188.) I do say that Dr. Pusey has no right to teach his brother clergymen in the Church of England that they may encourage or permit men to confess felonies to them without fear of exposure. We can readily conceive what an improper power might be placed in the hands of our so-called Protestant priests were our laws to recognize such an exemption in their favor."

As to delicate subjects, Mr. Jenkins names certain pages in the book, and asks Dr. Pusey if he would like to read them to the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—At a recent meeting of the St. Paul's Cathedral Completion Fund Committee it was decided to adorn the interior of the dome with mosaic, and in order to try the effect of the proposed treatment the whole surface of the dome will be at once covered with paper bearing representations in color of the suggested designs.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.—The bishops attending the conference reassembled at noon on Monday, July 22d, at Lambeth Palace. After prayers in the chapel, the consideration of subject No. 6, which had been adjourned from the last meeting, was resumed, viz.:

"The Condition, Progress, and Needs of the various Churches of the Anglican Communion."

The Bishops of Niagara, Rupertsland, Montreal, Fredericton, Adelaide, Long Island, Delaware, Haiti, Western New York, Kingston, Guiana, Christchurch, Lincoln, Peterborough, and Llandaff, and Bishop Perry took part in the discussions. The conference sits daily until Friday to consider the reports of the committees upon the various subjects referred to them. On Saturday there will be a concluding service in St. Paul's cathedral, beginning at 11 A. M. It will consist of the Holy Communion, with a sermon by Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania.

LAMBETH ITEMS.—The Bishops of New York, Ohio, and Iowa were present at an entertainment given by the Bishop of Ely, July 23d. Bishop Holly, of Haiti, was announced to preach in Westminster Abbey on the 25th.

Advantage is to be taken of the presence in England of so many colonial and American prelates to hold Diocesan Missionary Conferences at Liverpool and Chester on September 9th and 10th. The proceedings open at Liverpool on Monday, September 9th; the Bishop of Derry will preach. The first meeting for business is to take place at noon, and to be opened by an address from the Bishop of Chester. The subject, "Hindrances to the Progress of Missions," will be introduced by the Dean of Lichfield, Prolocutor of Canterbury convocation, who will be followed by Lieutenant-General Tremenheere, C. B., the Rev. J. H. Jowitt, Bishop Ryan, and Lieutenant V. L. Cameron, the African explorer. From 1:30 to 2:30 "Christianity and Islam, with especial reference to India," will be under consideration, being dealt with by the Rev. Dr. Kay, formerly principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, and the Rev. R. R. Winter, head of the Delhi Mission, India. A lunch-dinner will be provided at three o'clock; and the conference will reassemble at 6:30 to hear the theme of "A Native Ministry and Self-supporting Churches," spoken to by Bishop Piers Claughton and Sir Henry Barkly, Bart., K.C.B. The last subject is to be "The Condition and Progress of the Church in the United States and British Dominions of North America." This is to be handled by the Bishops of Haiti, Iowa, Saskatchewan, Nebraska, Ontario, and Long Island. After the selected readers and preachers have concluded, the debate will in each case be thrown open. In addition to the distinguished Churchmen named above, the Bishops of Adelaide, Bloemfontein, Christchurch, Central Pennsylvania, Colorado, Maritzburg, Missouri, and North Carolina are expected to attend; also, Bishops Abraham, MacDougall, Hobhouse, and Kelly; and the Deans of York, Bangor, Chester, and Manchester, with many others. The secretary for the executive committee of the Liverpool Conference is the Rev. Holland Lomas, 22 Newbie terrace; for the reception committee, the Rev. Andrew Wilson, 14 Queensland street, Edge-hill, Liverpool. The arrangements for the conference at Chester are not yet matured. The conferences will take place under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and it is hoped that they will promote throughout the Diocese of Chester an increase of interest in the important work which that venerable society has in hand.

The Bishop of Albany made an address at a meeting in furtherance of the interests of Selwyn college.

DR. NEVIN AT ST. PAUL'S.—The *English Churchman* thus speaks of a recent sermon of the Rev. Dr. Nevin in St. Paul's cathedral:

A sermon which possessed many points of interest for Anglicans, and especially for those who are concerned with the reunion movement, was delivered at St. Paul's cathedral on Sunday afternoon by Dr. Nevin, who has been for nine years chaplain of the American church at Rome. Speaking as an eye-witness of men and things as they are and have been in the seat of the papacy, Dr. Nevin's picture was anything but hopeful. Earnest Italians have, he tells us, utterly lost heart in the presence of the domineering secularity of the priesthood; and they hold that no effectual change for the better can be expected until the laity have some part and lot in the choice of the clergy and some voice in the councils of the Church. In his strong and unsparing condemnation of Romanism among its native hills, Dr. Nevin boldly quoted the despairing sentences of the late pope in his more recent allocutions, in which he spoke with but little reserve and with undisguised grief of the growth of infidelity, although, of course, he assigned it to a cause altogether different to that to which the American clergyman attributes it. Dr. Nevin holds the papal see and its pursuit of the hierarchical idea responsible for the state of religion, or rather of irreligion, in Italy, and in unsparing language he denounces the Roman Church as the fruitful mother of infidelity and of scepticism. The papacy has, he urges, so given itself up to that very form of domination which Christ condemned as a mark of heathendom, that reform from within is almost beyond

the range of possibility. It is so common a mistake to ignore this tendency in modern Romanism, and to connect it only with France, that this plain speaking, from one whose authority can scarcely be questioned, is of the highest importance.

CONFERENCE OF BISHOPS.—A cable despatch to the Associated Press, dated London, August 1st, says: An important conference was held yesterday at the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, in Farnham. Twelve American bishops were present. The Bishop of Winchester presided. Father Hyacinthe and Bishop Hertzog, of Switzerland, gave accounts of the reform movements in the French and Swiss Churches. A resolution was passed, pledging the English and American Churches to aid Bishop Hertzog in the work of educating candidates for the ministry.

ST. JAMES'S, HATCHAM.—Lord Penzance recently delivered judgment in the case Bradford *v.* Fry, which was an appeal with reference to the Hatcham case from the decision of the Chancellor of the Diocese of Rochester to the effect that a confessional box and other articles should be removed. His lordship ruled that the side screen and the additional step to the altar must be removed, but that the chancel screen might remain, with the cross upon it, though the gates must be removed and the panels painted, so as not to exhibit any representation on the screen.

THE WELCOME AT LINCOLN.—The representatives of the American Church were on Wednesday, July 17th, formally welcomed at Lincoln cathedral. Advantage was taken of the occasion to hold the annual service in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Bishop Coxe delivered the sermon. It was one of his happiest efforts.

ADDRESS AND MEMORIAL TO THE CONFERENCE.—A number of English lay communicants, members of parliament and others, presented an address to the Lambeth Conference, expressing their gratification at the gathering of bishops from the ends of the earth to seek in prayer the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and praying that their consultations might be blessed to the establishment of unity in the faith and in the apostolic discipline, that good will and union among the various branches of the Anglican communion may be confirmed, and sound principles of ecclesiastical polity maintained.

Bishop Jenner sent in a memorial to the conference, stating that he was consecrated Bishop of Dunedin, New Zealand, in 1866; that in 1868 he was requested by the general synod of the New Zealand Church to resign, which he refused to do; that notwithstanding such refusal the Bishops of New Zealand, in 1871, consecrated the Rev S T. Nevill to the See of Dunedin; that the memorialist hearing that such consecration was to take place, protested against it as uncanonical and schismatical, and resigned; that what he now asks is to be recognized as the first Bishop of Dunedin, the bishops of the English Church having already twice decided that such recognition cannot in justice be withheld. He asks that the case be submitted to arbitration, declaring his willingness to abide by the judgment of the conference.

The consideration of this memorial was thought impossible, on account of the subject not being on the *agenda* paper.

The following memorial was presented to the conference by the Bishop of Ely:

"The president of 'The Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom,' on behalf of the general body of the associates, and at the desire of the general committee, addresses his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the prelates now assembled at Lambeth Palace, with profound respect.

"The association are assured that they need scarcely recall to the minds of their lordships the dying prayer of the Redeemer, that 'they may be all one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us'; the declaration of St. Paul that in Christianity there must be 'one body, one Spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism'; his aspiration that God would 'grant' the Romans 'to be like-minded one toward another, that they might with one mind and one mouth glorify God,' and 'to be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment,' and how the unhappy divisions of Christians are wholly at variance with such statements and precepts.

"On the other hand, they venture to remind their lordships that the actual condition of Christendom at this present affords a hope of a nearer approach to this much to be desired union.

"They would point to the gathering of your assembly as a striking proof of a longing for unity. Even the action of the so-called Evangelical Alliance, which consists in a levelling of all distinctions, and so seeking to legitimatize many and different bodies, many and differing faiths, and many and divergent doctrines, although false in principle, is a witness in the same direction.

"They would point to the altered state of affairs in the Roman curia, where a kind toleration appears to be taking the place of a harsh and rigid conformity, and where a divine, Father Curci, who sets forth as the ground and pillar of Christianity the Holy Scriptures as interpreted by creeds and councils as the main condition of salvation, is received by the reigning pope with favor.

"The prospects of the Oriental Churches have become far more encouraging. Relieved in a great degree from the debasing conduct of Mohammedanism, the autonomy of the State will doubtless produce a revival of Christian doctrine, life, morals, and learning, and force them to the consideration of their isolated and disunited position in Christendom. Even in Asia the Armenians, the first people who embraced Christianity as a nation, but whose religious energies have hitherto been suppressed, are awaking to a sense of their responsibilities.

"Under these circumstances, this association confidently trusts that your venerable assembly will issue a solemn and consentient declaration that it is the first duty of all Christians to labor and pray for the uniting into one body of all those who call upon the name of Christ, and agree in the Divine authority of holy Scripture in the creeds and in the decrees of the Church, so that there be no more divisions amongst us. And further, that it will recommend some practical means and mode of action whereby a consummation so devoutly to be wished for may, in God's good time, be accomplished.

"In conclusion, it is hoped that your grace and your lordships will regard with favor this association, whose sole object it is to engage all Christians throughout the world to work and pray for the visible unity of Christendom.

"JOHN DAVID CHAMBERS.

"*July 11th*, 1878."

ITALY.

DEATH OF A CARDINAL.—News comes that Cardinal Alessandro Franchi, Pontifical Secretary of State and Archbishop of Thessaonica, died at 1 o'clock, August 1st. Cardinal Franchi was a native of Italy, born in 1819, and was nominated cardinal in 1873.

VERMONT.

BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS

The bishop purposes, God willing, to visit a part of the parishes and missions in the following order:

SEPTEMBER.

8, Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, St. John's, Grand Isle.
15, Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity, St. John's, Highgate; P. M., Mission, Swanton.
16, Grace church, Sheldon.
17, Trinity church, Fairfield.
18, Ember-day, Christ church, Fairfax.
19, Calvary church, Berkshire.
20, Ember-day, Union church, Montgomery.
22, Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity, Christ church, Enosburgh; P. M., Mission Enosburgh Falls.
29, Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, Newport and Irasburgh.

OCTOBER.

1, 2, 3, 4, Mission, Island Pond.
6, Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, St. Andrew's church, St. Johnsbury.
13, Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity, Mission, Cambridge; P. M., Mission, Jericho.
20, Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, St, James's church, Woodstock.
22, 24, Norwich University, Northfield.

DECEMBER.

15, Third Sunday in Advent, St. Paul's church, Burlington.

When these services occur on Sundays, or other holy days, the bishop wishes to have the celebration of the Holy Communion. He hopes also to meet the children in every parish and mission for catechising.

DIOCESAN STATISTICS — The Journal of the last convention contains the following statistics: Clergymen canonically resident (bishop, 1; priests, 31; deacon, 1), 33; candidates for Holy Orders, 4; postulants 4; families, 1,934; individuals, 7,706; baptisms (adults, 145; infants, 302), 447; confirmations (males, 101; females, 192), 293; communicants (males, 890; females, 2,288), 3,187; marriages, 61; burials, 159; Sunday-school teachers, 249; pupils, 1,834: parish-school teachers, 13; pupils, 161; contributions, $10,996.36; church indebtedness, $19,351.84; value of Church property, $314,2 0.

CONNECTICUT.

BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS.

The bishop has issued the following list for his autumnal visitation:

SEPTEMBER.

6, Friday, 3 P. M., St. Paul's, Windham.
7, Saturday, 3 P. M., Trinity, Tariffville.
8, Sunday, A. M., Grace, Windsor; evening, Calvary, Suffield.
11, Wednesday, 3 P. M., St Paul's, Woodbury.
12, Thursday, 3 P. M., Christ church, Bethlehem.
13, Friday, 3 P. M, St. Paul's, Bantam.
14, Saturday, 3 P. M., Trinity, Milton.
15, Sunday, 3 P. M., Trinity, Northfield; evening, Trinity, Thomaston.
18, Wednesday, evening, St. John's, Essex.
19, Thursday, 3 P. M, Holy Advent, Clinton.
20, Friday, 3 P. M., Christ church, Greenwich.
21, Saturday, 3 P. M., St. Mark's, New Canaan.
22, Sunday, A. M., St. Luke's, Darien; evening, Trinity, South Norwalk.
29, Sunday, A. M., St. James's, West Hartford; P. M., Grace chapel, Newington; evening, Trinity, Wethersfield.

OCTOBER.

6, Sunday, A. M., St. Stephen's, East Haddam.
13, Sunday, A. M., St. Peter's, Monroe; 3 P. M., St. Paul's, Huntington; evening, St. Paul's, Bridgeport.
19, Saturday, 3 P. M., St Andrew's, Kent.
20, Sunday, A. M., Christ church, North Canaan; P. M., St. John's, Salisbury; evening, Trinity, Lime Rock
27, Sunday, A. M., St. Andrew's, Thompsonville; P. M., St. Mary's, Hazardville.

NOVEMBER.

3, Sunday, A. M., Trinity, Bristol; P. M., church of Our Saviour, Plainville.
10, Sunday, 10:30 A. M., St. Luke's, South Glastonbury; 3 P. M., Christ church, Middle Haddam.
16, Saturday, 3 P. M. Christ church, East Haven.
17 Sunday, A. M., St. John's, North Haven; P. M., St. Andrew's, Northford.
24, Sunday, A. M, St. Peter's, Oxford; 3 P. M., Trinity, Seymour; evening, Christ church, Ansonia.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT TO CANADA.—In his address to the late convention Bishop Williams said, regarding his visit to the Canadian Church:

"It became my duty, under appointment from the General Convention of 1874, to attend, as a delegate from our own Church, the session of the Provincial Synod of the Dominion of Canada, held in the month of September last, in the city of Montreal. The Rev. Drs. Craik, Schenck, and Van Deusen were, fortunately, able to be present. Circumstances beyond their control prevented the attendance of any other bishops, and of any lay delegates.

"Our reception by bishops, clergy, and laity—proper acknowledgment for which was made in the report presented to the last general convention—was most cordial and fraternal. We were welcomed to the sessions of the synod, and I had the privilege of sitting with the bishops during the four days of my stay. Nothing, indeed, could surpass the courtesy and kindness which were extended to us, or the warm and obviously heartfelt cordiality with which any mention of, or even allusion to, our own Church in the United States was received.

"We were greatly impressed with the earnest and practical way in which the Dominion Church is taking up the vast work that God has given her to do. Looking back, as I can now, for the period of a generation since I first knew the Canadian Church, and comparing what it was then with what it is to day, the gain is simply wonderful. The labors and sacrifices of many saintly and heroic lives have been given to this great work, the results of which are so fair and so full of future promise. I do not believe there have been anywhere nobler ventures of faith and instances of self-sacrifice than are presented in the annals of our sister Church in the Dominion of Canada.

"The delegation which we were all of us glad to welcome to our last general convention was the response to our appointment; as the one

which has been appointed to attend, if God will, the provincial synod of 1880 is the corresponding answer on our part. I venture to express the hope that these triennial gatherings on the one side and the other may always have representatives from the one or the other, as the case may be, of two Churches so absolutely one in all but the merest accidents of position, as these two are. The line that severs us politically and socially does not touch, God be thanked, the unity of the kingdom of Christ and the household of faith. May that unity never be broken."

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—*All Saints' Church.*—This venerable parish (the Rev. W. N. Dunnell, rector) has recently increased its facilities and enlarged its accommodations for prosecuting the missionary work, of which it is such an important centre. The vast Sunday-school room has been further enlarged and additional light admitted, a commodious robing-room added, and the several choirs increased. The burial aid fund now numbers one hundred regular contributors. The method of securing and preserving the records of All Saints' Sunday-school seems to be the most simple and effective of any that is known. Those who are interested in such work are cordially invited to examine its operation.

CALLICOON DEPOT—*St. James's Free Church.*—Besides other expenses during the past eighteen months, this parish (the Rev. George A. Chambers, rector) has expended about $275 for church furniture. The church is now completely furnished in all necessary particulars, and is entirely free from indebtedness. It was consecrated on June 7th, 1877. In the work that has been done the rector and parish have always determined not to incur debt, and this explains how a few persons of comparatively humble means began a church, persevered in its erection, and not only completed it, but furnished it in a very comfortable and churchly manner.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—*Church of the Holy Trinity.*—The beautiful stone spire of this church is receiving important repairs. A staging has been erected around it from the ground to the top, and workmen are employed in replacing every broken and imperfect stone with a new one, and closing all seams. Two coats of oil are also to be applied to the surface for the better preservation of the brown stone from the action of the sun and weather. These improvements will occupy the month of August. The vacant lot adjoining the church, seventy-five by one hundred feet in size, has been the property for several years of the Long Island Historical Society. This society has now in hand funds to the amount of $100,000 with which to erect a library building, for which it is receiving plans. The church of the Holy Trinity could not have a more desirable secular neighbor than an institution of so much culture and dignity.

CATHEDRAL SCHOOLS.—The cathedral schools at Garden City, Long Island, are St. Paul's (for boys) and St. Mary's (for girls). The warden is the Rev. John C. Middleton, S.T.D. The head master of St. Paul's is Mr. Henry Clark Johnson, M.A., LL.B. Of St. Mary's Sister Louise is head of the house, and Miss L. E. Hayden of the school. These institutions were formally opened on the 19th of September, 1877, in houses afforded for their temporary accommodation. They now number 46 boys and 29 girls, making a total of 75 pupils. The situation of the schools, the influence pervading them, the comprehensiveness of the courses of study, and—as we know—the thoroughness required in every department, bespeak for them in the future a high position and a noble career among the educational institutions of our country.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

JOINT EXCURSION OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—An excursion was made to Long Point on Chautauqua Lake, Thursday, July 25th, by the officers and scholars of the Sunday schools of St. Luke's church, Jamestown, with its mission school, St. Paul's church, Mayville, and St. Peter's church, Westfield. The several schools were carried to the excursion ground in steamboats, and met there about 11:45 A. M. After arriving upon the ground, and before the entertainment of the day began, Morning Prayer was said in the grove, the rectors of the several churches—the Rev. Messrs. Burford, Macfarlane, and Dooris—officiating, and Mr. Dooris making an address. The singing was most impressive, as all the children joined in it and were supported by an organ and band of music. The Rev. Mr. Macfarlane acted as precentor, and Mr. Whiteside, of St. Paul's church, Mayville, as organist. After the service the day was spent in games and other amusements, and the schools returned home in the early evening, having spent a delightful day.

THE CHURCH HOME.—The last semi-annual report of the executive committee of the home states that the number of beneficiaries in the ward for aged and destitute females is eight. During the present year two of the beneficiaries have passed away to their final rest, viz., Mrs. Mary Smith, died February 8th, aged 83 years, and Mrs. Sophia Seaver, died April 17th, aged 75 years. Applications from abroad for admission to the ward have been denied, the Church at present not being able to care for the poor and unfortunate of other localities.

From December 1st to June 1st the orphan ward has provided shelter, food, and support to 59 children. During this period 18 children were received and 5 dismissed; of the latter four have been legally adopted in excellent families. The present number in this ward is 54. On and after October 1st, 1878, payment will be discontinued for the support of children committed by the county authorities. This arrangement was made with the superintendent of the poor at the time the effort was inaugurated to take all children from the almshouse and place them in the orphan asylums of the city. The board having authorized the executive committee to receive these children, the orphan ward has continued to provide for such as the superintendent has from time to time committed.

The total amount of money raised during the year ending June 1st by apportionment was $3,223.43. The committee recommended that $4,050 be raised in this way for the ensuing year.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—*Church of the Transfiguration (West Philadelphia).*—The new church of the Transfiguration (the Rev. Dr. Thomas K. Conrad, rector) was completed last Autumn, and the services since then have been regularly held until the present time, when Divine worship is temporarily suspended, to allow some alterations and improvements to be made, by which this handsome edifice will be made still more attractive and convenient. All the plain stone capitals upon which rest the rafters of the ceiling have been carved. The chancel floor is to be widened and the ceiling over this part of the church will be renewed. The interior walls of the church will be frescoed, giving to it a light and handsome appearance, and the pews will be renovated and newly varnished. It is expected that the work will be finished by the beginning of September, and that the reopening will take place at that time.

The parish has no floating debt. The contributions received during the past convention year, including donations for the building fund, amount to $12,183.22. There is a flourishing Sunday-school, and the congregation is increasing in numbers. The pew-rents amount to about $3,000 per annum.

NEW JERSEY.

ASBURY PARK—*Correction.*—At the laying of the corner-stone of the building to be erected at this place by the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, of New York city, the address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. R. Davenport, and not by the Rev. Dr. Franklin, as stated in the published report.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON—*St. Stephen's Church.*—The rectorship of this church having become vacant by the removal of the Rev. W. H. Hanckel to St. Paul's parish, Pendleton, lay services are held on Sunday mornings and evenings. Clergymen of the city and other clergymen officiate.

The Advancement Society.—Arrangements are making to have the rooms of the Advancement Society and Church Brotherhood opened daily to clergymen and laymen visiting the city, and to meetings of the Church societies and consultation with the bishop.

ALABAMA.

STANDING COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Standing Committee held July 27th, Mr. Arthur P. Greenleaf (a student of Racine College) was recommended to the bishop as a candidate for holy orders.

The president, the Rev. Dr. J. A. Massey, having given notice of his intended absence from the diocese until Autumn, the Rev. T. J. Beard, of St. John's church, Mobile, was elected president *pro tem.*

DIOCESAN STATISTICS.—The Journal of the last convention contains the following statistics: Clergymen canonically resident (bishop, 1; priests, 21; deacons, 5), 27; postulants, 3; candidates for Deacon's Orders, 5; lay-readers, 27; deaconesses, 6; confirmations, 271; deacon ordained, 1; priest ordained, 1; churches consecrated, 2; deaconess set apart, 1; lay-readers licensed, 8.

QUINCY.

THE CONVENTION JOURNALS.—The Journals of the first three conventions of the Church in this diocese—held December 11th, 1877, and February 26th and May 28th, 1878—have been published in one volume, together with an historical sketch of the new diocese and other matter. The statistics of the diocese are given in it as follows: Clergymen, canonically resident (bishop, 1; other clergymen, 18), 19; candidate for Holy Orders, 1; postulants, 2; parishes, 29; families, 436; individuals, 2,086; baptisms (infants, 72; adults, 7), 79; confirmed, 11; marriages, 23; burials, 30; communicants (males, 331; females, 791), 1,122; Sunday-school teachers, 129; pupils, 858; contributions—parochial, $18,851.14; diocesan, $1,065.22; general, $145.91—total, $20,062.27.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS—*Church School.*—The property belonging to Grace church and the residence of the late Bishop Upfold, adjoining, are to be converted, by Bishop Talbot, into a diocesan school for girls, to be under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Clark, of Iowa, a gentleman, it is said, well qualified for such a position. The design is to provide for boarding and day pupils. It will open in September.—*Standard of the Cross.*

MINNESOTA.

THE VISITATION TO WHITE EARTH.—The bishop of the diocese writes: I write with a full heart on my return home from White Earth. Never has there been work so full of lights and shadows as this missionary work. The sunlight is Godward. We do feel a thrill of joy when any poor soul comes to our dear Lord to find rest in Him; but who can imagine the joy of His Divine heart with each returning sinner, in whom He sees of the travail of His own soul, and is satisfied? We get strangely weary and discouraged. There is always something to perplex one's faith in such work. But if we remember that for centuries Satan has held these poor souls in unchallenged possession, we ought to expect that the battle will be sharp. We feel the burdens and are often lonely. In such hours we must look up to our King and know that if He is with us it makes a majority against the world.

I have never felt such a load of infirmity and sorrow as since I have been broken in health; yet God has given me a more hopeful heart than ever, and I have never been so sure of God's harvest. I have recently visited the western border of the State, where eight years ago I could travel thirty, forty, sixty miles without the sight of a house; to-day there is hardly a single section of land without sight of the homes of the pioneers. At mission stations, which have brought little harvest, I had large classes for confirmation. At some school-houses I met children of the Church whom I had confirmed ten years ago, and who

had become new centres of influence for Christ and His Church. God never loses sight of the least work which is done for Him, and we ought to learn to work and wait. I have always been grateful to God that He gave me a Christian mother, who taught me to keep always a hopeful heart. I do get perplexed, and sometimes it is so dark I cannot see one step. Then I try to grasp His hand that He may lead me. Of late I have been trying to learn the old story anew, and you know that with each such learning we find new glory and beauty in the Gospel. The Gospel seems to me more human, and yet infinitely more Divine. It does not appeal to the intellect; that is the reason that to the wisdom of the world it is only foolishness. It comes from God to sinful, suffering humanity. It is God's help for aching, weary human souls. The key-note of the good news was given by our blessed Lord in the synagogue at Nazareth, when He read that wonderful prophecy which begins, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me," etc., or in that other scene where St. John Baptist sent from his lonely prison to ask whether He was indeed the Christ You remember our Lord's works of mercy, and how He bade the messengers go tell John what they had seen and heard.

I have never felt as I do now that it is as brothers in the Lord's family that we are to vindicate the Divine character of the Church. These horrible mutterings of discontented communists are only the distorted counterfeit of the brotherhood of the Gospel. There were false Christs before He came. There will be other false Christs in the eventide of the world. There never was a time when the weary world so needed the Gospel of His kingdom. The world is watching and waiting for it as it waited and watched for our Lord. We feel the warfare, but the future is bright with hope—world-wide there are blessed signs that "morning cometh."

Think of how many lands which fifty years ago were the abodes of heathen cannibals are now or are fast becoming Christian lands. Think of how God has opened the way to penetrate the darkness of Africa. Think of the fact that China, which has been almost impenetrable, has lost five millions of human beings by famine, and is strangely drawn to Christian lands as the only ones who pitied its dying children. Think how wonderful that Christian England becomes the protector of the Holy Land, once trodden by the feet of the Son of God. Think of all that our King is doing, and who could be faint-hearted? It only needs that we learn the deep love of our Master Jesus Christ for perishing souls, and have the consecrated hearts of men who believe that they really bear His message, and He will give us the harvest.

I have never had a more pleasant visit to the Indians at White Earth. Our young Indian deacons have done a good word at Wild Rice and Red Lake. The examinations of those ordained were remarkable for their knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. It was very touching to hear their simple heartfelt confidence in our blessed Lord. I have never had so many applications for our Divinity School from men of mark. No school is doing a more thorough work in Christian scholarship, none stands more firmly by the motto of Bishop Hobart, "Evangelical truth and apostolic order." I have offered to take five young Indians, my old friends to whom I preached in the prison at St. Augustine. I wish you could see some of their letters to me. If the loving friends who have aided us will give us their prayers the alms will come. Pray for us.

With much love, your brother,
H. B. WHIPPLE.

Faribault, July 22d, 1878.

NOTICES.

MARRIED.

In All Saints' church, Brier Cliff, Sing Sing, Monday, July 29th, by the Rev. L. F. Morris, REGINALD M. HUSE to MARY, eldest daughter of Jas. M. Chapman, Esq. No cards.

In St. James's church, Cambridge, Mass., July 27th, by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., IDA MAY DRAKE to the Rev. THEODOSIUS S. TYNG.

DIED.

In Salisbury, Md., on the 29th ult., entered into life, MAGGIE, wife of John O. Freeney, and daughter of the late Charles Whitelock, Esq. "In the confidence of a certain faith, in the communion of the Catholic Church."

At his residence in Minneapolis, Minn., on July 11th, ELEAZAR ALLEY GREENLEAF departed this life, in the 70th year of his age, after an illness of more than six years, borne with entire patience and resignation.

At Schenectady, N. Y., August 1st, 1878, after a brief illness of cholera infantum, GEORGE BRECK, youngest child of John and Gabrielle Swift, aged 1 year and 16 days, "He shall gather the lambs in His arms and carry them in His bosom."

In Northampton, Mass., July 7th, 1878, of consumption, MINNIE L. HELD, daughter of the late Joseph A. Held.

On the evening of June 23d, at his home in Des Arc, Arkansas, of consumption, the Rev. ROBERT B. TREZEVANT, aged 38 years, 1 month, and 3 days.

OBITUARY.

Fell asleep, in the fifth year of her age, on the 25th of June, KATE BALDY, beloved and only child of Peter Houtz Grove and Mary Jordan, his wife, of Christ Church Parish, Danville, Penn.

Thou hast honored my child by the speed of Thy choice,
Thou hast crowned her with glory, o'erwhelmed her with mirth;
She in Paradise sings with her sweet-sounding voice,
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

MINUTE.

A minute adopted by the officers of St. Paul's church, Norwalk, Conn., July 31st, 1878, on the death of Dr. SAMUEL LYNES, a vestryman of the parish:

In the removal, by death, of our beloved friend and Christian brother, SAMUEL LYNES, M.D., an exemplary member of the Church of Christ, who was a vestryman and for several years the treasurer of this parish, we feel it our duty to express our deep sense of the loss we have sustained.

Dr. Lynes was endeared to this church and to the whole community, not by his professional ability alone, but by his upright, generous, godly walk, which witnessed a kind heart and a firm religious character.

In his removal the Church of Christ on earth has lost a devoted member and this community a faithful friend.

We tender our sympathy to his afflicted family, and pray that God may support and comfort them.

We direct that this minute be communicated to the widow, and published in THE CHURCHMAN.

IN MEMORIAM.

On July 22d, at Yonkers, N. Y., a long and useful life ended in peace.

The Rev. ROBERT B. CROES, D.D., the youngest son of the Rt. Rev. John Croes, D.D., first Bishop of New Jersey, was born at Swedesborough, N. J., August 13th, 1800, and graduated at Queens (now Rutgers) College, New Brunswick, in 1815, and at the General Theological Seminary in 1823.

He was ordained deacon by his father the same year, and priest, by Bishop Moore, of Virginia, in 1824.

Soon after his ordination he was appointed as agent to collect funds for the General Theological Seminary. In this he was very successful, and received the thanks of the committee for his "zeal and activity."

Distinguished alike by his godly zeal and unusual learning, he was chosen assistant to Bishop Moore, of Virginia, in the Monumental church at Richmond, then the most prominent parish in the Southern States, where he remained five years.

He was subsequently assistant to the venerable Dr. Butler, of St. Paul's church, Troy, and successively rector of St. Michael's, Geneseo, N. Y., St. John's, Richmond, Virginia, and St. Peter's, Freehold, N. J.

In 1843 he went to Indiana, then under the missionary jurisdiction of Bishop Kemper, and labored patiently in laying the foundation of the Church in the thriving town of Terre Haute.

The correspondence of Bishop Kemper bears witness to his earnestness and self-denial, in those early days of real missionary hardship.

Disabled from active parish work by the asthma, brought on by exposure, he returned to the East in 1850, but continued to do much missionary work during Winter visits to the South-west, where the milder climate afforded him partial relief, and his scholarly and able pen was constantly active in discussing questions of Church interest in the religious periodicals.

For the last few years his increasing infirmities compelled him to remain at his son's home, on the Hudson river, where at last, with all his family about him, he quietly fell asleep. Dr. Croes was an old-fashioned Prayer Book Churchman. In all points of Church doctrine and practice he believed that the Prayer Book was a safe guide, and he felt that his solemn vow of ordination did not leave him at liberty to disregard its rules until they were abrogated by the constituted authorities. W. A. J.

OBITUARY.

Entered into rest, on Wednesday, July 24th, 1878, the Rev. C. M. A. HEWES, rector of the church of the Holy Communion, Paterson, N. J.

If the value of a Christian life is to be measured by practice rather than by profession, and of a pastor's work by earnestness and zeal rather than by years, then has the Church reason to mourn the loss of this true member and most faithful priest, cut off in the bloom of his days. Refined and gentle by nature as he was inflexible in principle through grace, it was left for time and a too short but successful ministry to bring out the strength as well as the beauty of this truly Christian character. In the case of Mr. Hewes, strength commanded and retained respect, where in the first instance *purity* and *gentleness* had won affection. Faithful through twelve years' labor in a difficult field, my friend left behind him, in the church that he built and the congregation he gathered within its walls, the enduring memorials of his successful ministry.

The closing scenes of this pure life were as fruitful as its beginning. In all those sad and painful weeks, so beautiful was the victory of faith, that of him who thus illustrated it may be truly said that he, "being dead, yet speaketh." Undismayed by the early announcement to him of his incurable disease, nothing could disturb the serenity of his patient and cheerful trust. Tranquilly, devoutly, even happily, he passed "through the valley"; and so quiet and trustful was the end, that those who loved him best and who mourn him most sincerely blessed God, even as they bade their friend farewell, for the bright lesson of the faithful pastor's death. T. A. S.

OBITUARY.

On Saturday, July 20th, there passed to a better world a faithful young presbyter of the Diocese of Iowa, the Rev. M. W. DARBY, rector of Montrose. Last Easter his failing health compelled him to give up his work, and two weeks before his death he was brought to his sister, living in Port Jervis, N. Y. Everything was done that loving hands could do, but it was too late, and so, wasted with consumption, he passed away, willingly and quietly. The funeral services which took place on Monday were very beautiful, and seemed to partake more of the joys of Easter than of gloom. The funeral services were held at Grace church, Port Jervis, and consisted of the regular burial service of the Church and the celebration of the Eucharist. There were present the Rev. Messrs. Gesner, of Milford, Pa., Silliman, of Middletown, N. Y., Sterling, of Jersey City, and Rosencrantz, rector of the parish. The two last were classmates of the deceased, both at college and at the seminary. The lesson was read by the Rev. Mr. Gesner: then was sung "When our heads are bowed with woe." The Eucharist was then celebrated by the rector of the parish, and at the close of the service was sung "Art thou weary?" Thus a faithful young priest, who sacrificed his life in an uncongenial climate, left his parish in failing health and came to die and be buried in the parish of one who had been his companion in youth, and who had sat by his side for nine years while preparing for the sacred ministry.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a special meeting of the vestry of Christ church, Cuba, N. Y., held on Monday evening, July 8th, it was resolved to place upon record a slight testimony to the memory of Gen. CALVIN T. CHAMBERLAYNE, senior warden of the parish, expressive of regard for their deceased associate and of the deep loss experienced by the parish in his death.

For sixty-two years a resident of Cuba, for thirty years intimately connected with the parish of Christ church, and for twenty-six years its senior warden, it was ever his aim to do the duty imposed upon him, socially and ecclesiastically, with an honest heart and as in the sight of God.

To his generous contributions the parish is mainly indebted for its handsome property, and in many another way can the Church bear witness to his single-hearted loyalty and zeal.

Full of years and rich in good works, he has gone to the rest of Paradise until that day in which God shall give the fruition of His heavenly promises in return for earthly gifts of will and heart, of time and substance, when he shall have his part in the resurrection of the dead in Christ, and enter upon his full reward.

His memory will be cherished not only by the vestry and parish, but by the community of which he was for so many years an honored member.

Our sympathies are extended to the family of the deceased, and we commend them to the care of Him who can alone help in time of trouble.

A copy of this memorial shall be sent to the family and be inserted among the minutes of the vestry.

H. J. SWIFT, Clerk.

OPEN AIR FUND.

It is with great pleasure that acknowledgment is made of the following additional subscriptions to the "Open Air Fund" of St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children:

E. M. Ebbs, West Chester, Pa., through THE CHURCHMAN, $25; Mrs. A. A. Minturn, $20; "Cash," $20; J. B. W., $2; Townsend Morgan, $1; Miss A. Ritter, $1; Mrs. S. Shea, $2; Anonymous, $1.50; Anonymous, $4; Miss L. Schermerhorn, $5; Mrs. A. P. Stevens, $5; R. R. Ferry, $10. Total, $96.50. Previously acknowledged, $340.10. Total amount received, $426.60.

Further contributions are earnestly solicited. Subscriptions intended for the new "Sea-side Sanitarium," of St. Mary's Hospital, should be so designated. All donations may be sent directly to the Hospital, 407 West Thirty-fourth street.

GEORGE C. HOUGHTON.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For relief of famine in China, offering, House of the Good Shepherd, Tompkin's Cove, N. Y., $5.00
M. B. L., for building rectory at Corsicana, Texas,
Atlantic City, N. J., ... 1.00

NOTICE.

DIOCESE OF LONG ISLAND.

OYSTER BAY, Aug. 1st, 1878.

The next meeting of the CLERICUS will be held at the rectory of St. John's Parish, Huntington, on Monday, August 12th, 1878, at 11 o'clock. Essayist, the Rev. Dr. Matson. Subject, "Sermons for the Times."

Carriages will meet the 8:30 A.M. train from Long Island City. G. R. VANDEWATER, Secretary.

THE CLERICAL INSURANCE AND ANNUITY SOCIETY.

Applicants for membership are notified that their applications will receive attention upon the return of the Treasurer. G. W. SHINN, Secretary.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.

Remittances may be made to the Rev. H. W. SPALDING, D.D., Corresponding Secretary, Box 774, Hartford, Conn., or to the Rev. F. D. HARRIMAN, No. 179 Seymour street, Hartford, Conn.

THE CLERICAL INSURANCE AND ANNUITY SOCIETY.

Organized 1877; Membership limited to 1500; assessments at death of members, $1.10; annuities assured to members in their old age; after July 1st, no members admitted over forty years old. Applications for membership may be sent to the treasurer,

The Rev. C. L. HUTCHINS, Medford, Mass.

ART DEPARTMENT.

LOAN EXHIBITION AT TAPPAN, N. Y.

For the past two weeks there has been an interesting loan exhibition at Tappan, N. Y., in the venerable house known as Washington's Headquarters. It was gotten up by the Rockland Historical Society, for the purpose of raising money to purchase this relic of revolutionary days, and to keep it in order. When Washington occupied it, in the Autumn of 1780, it was considered an old house, as it was built some years previously. Like most of the houses of that date of the better class, it is of stone, square, and without architectural ornamentation, but beautified with some wood carvings within. The articles loaned for exhibition are in the rooms occupied by General Washington—his parlor and bedchamber and the wide corridor.

The parlor is a medium-sized room, with a ceiling of dark oak, across which are heavy beams of oak. The mantel of carved wood, occupies one side of the room, with its adjoining cupboards; the fire-place being enclosed in Dutch tiles, three rows deep, perfectly preserved. The chamber above is a rude affair, but it has a dormer window, from which the hillside, where Andre was hung, is distinctly seen; and the tradition of the neighborhood is that Washington stood here to watch that memorable event, and on other occasions the movements of the Federal troops.

Within this very limited space it is impossible to do justice to the articles collected in this exhibition—nearly all from Rockland county, with a few from a little distance, and interesting from association with historical memories. This was the Tory side of the Hudson river, and descendants of families living here during the Revolution reside here now, many of them in very ancient houses, where relics of those days have been treasured with pride and especial care. It will be remembered that Washington crossed the Hudson from Dobb's Ferry in October, 1780, to Sneaton's Landing, directly opposite, and located at Tappan village, a short distance inland; that Andre was brought here from Haverstraw, was tried in the old Dutch church, and very soon after executed, in agreement with the military code, but to the great regret of those who were acquainted with the circumstances, as they deemed him the victim of Arnold's treachery.

There are many traditions of Washington and Andre in Tappan which have the semblance of veracity—incidents not mentioned in history. This loan exhibition has revived them and given them new interest. Mr. Benjamin J. Lossing opened the exhibit with an appropriate lecture. There is old china, old furniture, books, clothing, spining-wheels, pewter dishes, full suits of British uniform, swords, guns cannon-balls from Stony Point, pictures (heirlooms brought from the old countries), etc.; but the three objects of interest paramount to the others are, first, a patchwork silk quilt made of diminutive pieces and lined with a plain colored silk, which belonged to Marie Antoinette, and which was on her bed at the sacking and burning of the Tuileries. The silks are beautiful in color, and are samples of the dresses of the ladies of the court of Louis XVI. The second specially interesting object is the door which shut Major Andre in his room immediately before his execution—a plain pine door, but strong and still perfect, although the apartment from which it was taken is sadly out of repair. The house where he was a prisoner is but a little distance from this exhibition—a silent, empty house now—once known as "Mabie's Tavern." It never prospered after its occupancy by Andre, it is said, which is possibly a romantic tradition. The third object worthy of special mention is the Psalms of David brought over in the "Mayflower," the property of Elder Brewster, and read by him to the Pilgrims. There are also numerous autograph letters of Washington, a portrait of William Pitt, painted in 1760, and other things.

If the exhibition is successful, and the old house is in possession of the society above mentioned, it will be made a museum of antiquities. Sparkill is the nearest point on the Northern New Jersey railway to Tappan, a mile distant. The exhibition will remain open some days, or possibly weeks.

E. E. D.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" published hereafter will appear under the full signature of the writer.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF BISHOP SEABURY'S.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

When in Edinburgh last Summer the manuscript of an unpublished letter of Bishop Seabury to Bishop Abernethy-Drummond was placed in my hands by the Rev. Dr. Donelen. And as it is a matter of some interest to Connecticut Churchmen, more particularly, I send you a copy for publication in THE CHURCHMAN, should you see fit to print it. After so many years, it is to be presumed that nobody will be aggrieved by any statement it contains.

J. E. HEALD.

Saybrook, Conn.

[Copy.]

NEW LONDON, CT., Nov. 7th, 1878.

RIGHT REVEREND VERY DEAR BROTHER AND FRIEND: It is so long since you have heard from me that I apprehend you and my good friends in Scotland will think their memory escaped from my mind. Their memory is, however, dear to me, and the recollection of their attention to me always fills my heart with pleasure.

Your letter which informed me of your consecration to the See of Edinburgh gave me great joy. I heartily bless my God and Lord for that event, and I beseech Him to enable you to do all that is good to His Church which your heart I know anxiously wishes to do. Accept my thanks for your kind expressions and intentions toward me. God, I hope, will assist me to become in some degree worthy of the regard you express for me.

The public papers have informed us of the compliance of the Episcopal clergy in Scotland with the legal requisition of praying for the reigning king, etc. I know them so well that I am sure they never will sacrifice conscience to conveniency; and I cannot but rejoice in the event, which, as it will free them, I hope, effectually from great embarrassment, so it will, I trust, open the door to great accessions to the Church of our dear Redeemer, miserably torn by divisions and defiled by polluted and unauthorized worship and sacraments. Come that day, gracious God, when all who worship Thee shall do it in the unity of Thy Church, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life!

Our state in this country is still unsettled, and like I fear to continue so. Bishop White, of Philadelphia, seems disposed to an ecclesiastical union, but will take no leading or active part to bring it about. He will risk nothing; and Bishop Provoost seems so elated with the honor of an English consecration that he affects to doubt the validity of mine. This may oblige me to establish the Scotch succession from the restoration of King Charles II. to what is called the Revolution; and I beg you to enable me to do so. How this may best be done you can judge better than I can. I should suppose a certificate from the bishops in Scotland would be sufficient, naming those who were consecrated in England under King Charles the Second and their successors till Episcopal government was abolished by William the Dutchman. Bishop Collier ("Eccl. Hist.," v. 2, lib. ix., p. 887) says about this time—September 6, 1661—Mr. James Sharp, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Barwell, and Mr. Loughton, were consecrated bishops (*i. e.*, for Scotland) by the Bishop of Winchester, with the assistance of two other English prelates, now, who were their successors till the establishment of Presbyterianism? To ascertain this point is all I want.

Another objection Bishop P——t makes against me is that I was an enemy to my country, *i. e.*, I did not disregard my oaths and run headlong into the late rebellion, now glorious revolution. This may answer for itself. I broke no oaths, nor did I trample on sacred obligations. God be praised for His grace.

We have some talk here of getting an edition of the Prayer Book printed, with the canons and the rubrics accommodated to our state. The book would scarcely be so large as the present. We wish to know what a common edition of about 5,000 could be done for at Edinburgh. I have also an idea of publishing two volumes of sermons calculated for this meridian as soon as I can get a little more leisure, the volumes to contain about 400 pages each. What would be the Edinburgh terms if I took 300 copies; what if the whole edition? You see with how little ceremony I lay burdens on you; your goodness, I trust, will excuse me. I wish to get this Church into better order before I die, and to leave something behind me to keep it so when I am gone.

I send you twelve copies of a charity sermon preached in Boston. Please to send one to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kilgour, with my dutiful regards, to Bishop Skinner, Bishop McFarlane, the Rev. Mr. John, Dr. Webster, and the Rev. Mr. Jolly, of Bishop Skinner's diocese, I believe. These gentlemen have all my hearty love and estimation. I send also two copies of a letter of one of my presbyters on the old subject of Episcopacy—a battle which we shall have to fight over again in this country. We are therefore about trying whether our poverty will permit us to establish a clerical library here, to consist of the fathers of the primitive Church, the controversial writers with the dissenters and papists, and the standard authors of the Church of England, especially of the last century. I wish you to send one of these letters to Bishop Skinner.

We have now sixteen presbyters in this diocese, and four deacons who will soon be put into priests' orders. Four more, *i. e.*, twenty-four in the whole, will be as many as the present ability of the Church can support. It does however grow, and converts from Presbyterianism are not unfrequent.

We are also endeavoring to establish an academy for the education of our own clergy, etc.; and perhaps if we can raise £1,400 or £1,500 sterling by subscription in the course of the Winter, of which we have good hopes, to put it a-going in the course of the next Summer, and flatter ourselves that, by making it a general school for fitting young gentlemen for the various occupations of life, it will support itself.

My regards attend on your lady. Remember me to the Mr. Adamses and families, Dr. Webster, and all who are kind enough to think about me.

When you do me the favor to write me, could you do so by the way of Glasgow to Boston, directed to the care of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Parker, it would come safely and without expense to me. Mr. Bowden is now publishing "Remarks on Dr Channing's (late of Boston) (distorted) View of Episcopacy." If I knew how to get such little matters to you readily it would be a means of letting you know how we go on. Pray for me, my dear brother, and believe me to be your ever affectionate, humble servant,

SAMUEL CONNECT.

THE CHURCH AND THE DENOMINATIONS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

You speak, in your paper of July 20th, of the hearty endorsement by the moderator of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly of the misrepresentations of our Church by the delegate from the "Reformed" body. I am happy to be able to say that all did not see things exactly alike in that body. I had the privilege of travelling in Texas with Dr. Byers, of Houston, on his return from the assembly in question, and he expressed his disgust at the whole speech of the "Reform-

ed" delegate. He said he could not understand how a man could grow gray ministering at the altars of any Church, and then turn right around and pronounce that Church grossly corrupt in doctrine, when it holds and teaches the very doctrine which he had held and taught so many years. Why was he so long finding all this out? The fact is, abuse of the Protestant Episcopal Church is the stock in trade of the "Reformers." I heard one of them preach in Memphis last Fall, and it was the whole burden of his discourse. These people think this is the way to coquette with the denominations. Do they not know that there is danger of overdoing the thing? All intelligent people know that the Episcopal pulpit of our land is just as evangelical as that of any Church or sect in Christendom, and those who assert the contrary, or give their sanction to the slander, are simply "bearing false witness against their brethren."

A. J. Yeater.

"ST. JOHN THE BAPTIZER."

To the Editor of The Churchman:

Absence from home has prevented my taking immediate notice of the answers of "G. S. M." and the Rev. Walter Mitchell to my criticism of the phrase "St. John the Baptizer." "G. S. M." defends its *occasional* use, with what degree of force I leave to others to determine, as my objection is, in common with many other readers of The Churchman, to its *permanent* employment.

The Rev. Mr. Mitchell, in his reply, yields the whole case, as it appears to me. We can gain nothing by the abandonment of a designation which ages of Church usage have sanctioned, simply because a name, spelled with the same letters, and pronounced in the same way, has been misapplied to themselves by a modern religious body. That they have assumed this title is, I take it, a reason why we should hold the more strongly to the original English designation of our Lord's forerunner, and be careful to instruct our people as to the distinction between St. John the "Baptist" and the modern Baptist. My esteemed friend and brother would hardly, I think, be willing to abandon the name "Catholic" because of the very common idea that name often conveys to uneducated or semi-educated people. And yet the argument applies as strongly in both cases.

With regard to Mr. Mitchell's second reason the same thing may be said. We can make a better stand against corruption of our language by the firm, persistent use of good English words, while we combat the adoption of vulgarisms, than we can by abandoning the field (as we do when we take to paraphrasing) and permitting the corruptions to drive out the pure words of our English tongue. Is it good gardening to give up the cultivation of plants because weeds will grow up in the same bed?

I heartily join in the wish that the day will come when both the reasons adduced by my reverend friend will become obsolete. And the way, I think, to hasten that day is to meet the evils fairly face to face, and by persistently using *right* words and phrases to drive out the use of wrong ones. It can never be done otherwise. The rule of St. Paul applies to language (words and phrases) as to other things: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil *with good.*"

Charles M. Pyne.

Central Falls, R. I., July 20th, 1878.

MISS CORSON'S COOKING SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

In The Churchman of July 20th I find a statement by "E. E. D." that Miss Juliet Corson opened a cooking school in West Forty-fifth street. This is an error. Miss Corson applied to the Ladies' Protective Union and Directory for employment, and was engaged by the society (then on Broadway and Forty-fifth street) to superintend the ladies' classes in the cooking school.

S. H. Kearney.

July 22d, 1878.

"NON-EPISCOPAL SPONSORS."

To the Editor of The Churchman:

I have not the copy of your paper containing the original letters on the subject of "Non-Episcopal Sponsors," having given it away in my missionary work, as my custom is, and therefore I cannot refer to what was written before, as the Rev. Mr. Maycock suggests in your issue of June 8th; but my recollection of the matter is confirmed by the two letters in this issue. Brother Maycock says "that what was written before was not the forbidding non-Episcopal sponsors, but an argument as to the inexpediency of admitting them."

This certainly is my recollection, and I wrote directly in reply to this point, and showed that the expediency and, *per contra,* the inexpediency must be judged of by every man for himself. The custom, if custom it is, should not be condemned as utterly inexpedient, nor adopted as wholly expedient. I think the statement of my preference for communicants, and the most godly at that, for "sponsors" is very clearly stated in my letter, and that non-Episcopalians should be admitted only when others are not obtainable. And I cited the rubrics as sustaining the lawfulness of my position.

I believe that this is the opinion of many of the clergy of the Church, if not all; even of Mr. Maycock himself, for he says: "No one, much less the writer, doubts that in the main the arguments of the Rev. Francis R. Starr are correct." And now, as we are generally agreed, I suggest that the further discussion of particulars be removed from public to private correspondence.

Francis R. Starr.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHANGE.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

Are not the words of St. Paul, describing the change in our bodies at the resurrection, also true of the body of Christ? The only thing that makes them possible is the sublime truth that He has passed through this great and mysterious transformation before us. Though He was "not suffered to see corruption," His body was "sown" a corruptible body, and was "raised incorruptible." "Sown in dishonor" and "weakness," it was "raised in glory" and "power." "Sown a natural body," it was "raised a spiritual body." Once it was subject to the laws and contingencies of this mortal existence, and suffered weariness and pain, hunger, thirst, injury, and death. Now, since the victory of His glorious resurrection, "this corruptible" has "put on incorruption; this mortal" has "put on immortality." It is exalted above all these necessary concomitants of the natural life. Who would say that our risen Lord, even before His ascension, needed food for His bodily sustenance, or that suffering and death could touch Him? If His body were so far glorified and invested with heavenly qualities as to be superior to these, is it unreasonable to believe it also superior to "closed doors" and "unmoved stone"?

While we are treating of our Lord's risen body we are dealing with something that pertains no longer to this present natural life, and therefore it seems to me that arguments based upon purely natural laws, tending to prescribe limits to its possible movements, do not apply. The restoration of Lazarus is foreign to the subject, because he was only returned to the life he had just left—his body was raised a natural and corruptible body still—and he had again to die before his final resurrection. Applied to his case, the argument based on "the commonplace truism that 'no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time,'" would be forcible and convincing; because his body was invested with no supernatural qualities, but was still subject to all the natural laws and accidents involved in the passage of one object through another. But applied to the resurrection of our Saviour the argument seems to me to lose its force, because of the mysterious change in the post-resurrection body, indicated in the words of the Apostle.

Of course this change does not involve loss of identity. As the mature man is the identical person who was once a babe in embryo, so the risen Son of God, "this day begotten" of the tomb, is the same Jesus who suffered at Jerusalem. His body is identically the same. He demonstrated His identity in the presence of His disciples, and proved that He was not a spirit, but had a real, human body, "with flesh and bones and all things pertaining to the perfection of man's nature."

How this can yet be a body impassible, incorruptible, spiritual (πνευματικόν)—a body at once perfect in its humanity and perfect in its spirituality—we cannot know. This is a mystery beyond our ken, which it is better not to try to bring within the reach of our limited understanding. But is it not a mystery revealed? And it involves as grave apparent difficulties as what, to my mind, follows as a logical sequence, that the risen body of our blessed Lord could have passed through the sealed stone of the sepulchre, or "solid rock, as readily as through the air."

W. G. Davenport.

Church Hill, Md., July 10th.

INDIANS IN THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

I notice in The Churchman of July 27th, speaking of the three Indians in Central New York from the prisoners at St. Augustine, "These are the only ones in the care of our Church." This is an error. It was my privilege to preach to these prisoners in St. Augustine during the Winter of 1875–76, and also in 1877–78. I became very deeply interested in the noble work which had been commenced by Captain R. H. Pratt, and that interest has been deepened since. Last Winter Captain Pratt consulted with me as to the propriety of making another effort to secure their release. We had made efforts, and failed. He desired to have some of the young men educated. I offered to become responsible for five, whom he selected for me. As our school would close before they could come to us, I agreed to pay for their support until Fall at the Hampton Institute, when they might come to Faribault. We have had a young Indian of one of these tribes for the past year, and he has taken high standing in the school.

I make this correction for the truth of history, and not because it makes the slightest difference where these Indians are trained to be messengers of life to their heathen people.

You will be glad to know that Captain Pratt hopes to induce the government to send fifty of these Indians to the school at Hampton.

I fear that we are all comforting ourselves with the work already done, and forget that there are nearly three hundred thousand heathen in our land who have not so much as heard that there is a Saviour. Perhaps one of the hindrances to Church work among our own race is our cruel neglect of these souls for whom Christ died. Thank God that He has overpaid an hundredfold our halting faith. Twenty years ago we had not one single Indian clergyman, now we have seven in Minnesota alone. If we work and pray, leaning alone on Him, it will not be long before every Indian village shall resound with songs of praise to Him who has redeemed them by His blood. God hasten the time when robbery and wrong shall cease, and

their fruits—massacre and war—shall have forever passed away. For this let us all pray and work while the day lasts, for soon "the night cometh when no man can work." Give us the prayers, and the alms will come.

H. B. WHIPPLE.

Faribault, Minn., July 27th, 1878.

CONVENTION JOURNALS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

I have received from a layman of the Church the following journals for distribution. As many registrars are greatly interested in completing their files, perhaps you will confer several favors by publishing the list as follows, viz.: General Convention, 1841, 1857; New York, 1829, 1844, 1846, 1849; Vermont, 1844, 1852; Pennsylvania, 1852; Michigan, 1850; Ohio, 1851; Massachusetts, 1851; Maryland, 1844, 1846; Texas, 1850; Missouri, 1852; Wisconsin, 1850; Mississippi, 1842, 1843, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1853, 1861, 1867, (special) 1846; Alabama, 1859; Louisiana, 1846; Western New York, 1850; Florida, 1846. MELVILLE M. MOORE.

Church Hill, Jefferson County, Miss., July 20th, 1878.

A REQUEST FROM BISHOP BECKWITH.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

I am very anxious to obtain a copy of Dr. Hawks's work on the constitution and canons, now out of print. Will you do me the great favor to ask through THE CHURCHMAN if any one of your readers has a copy of which he will dispose, and if so, will he take the trouble to inform me of the fact?

JOHN W. BECKWITH.

Atlanta, Ga., July 22d, 1878.

Will "Kappa," author of "Religion and the Theatre," July 13th, oblige the editor of THE CHURCHMAN by sending him his address?

"Cambridge," Schenectady, is reminded that all letters to the editor must be published only under the signature of the writer.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CHRISTIAN CREED: Its Theory and Practice. With a Preface on some Present Dangers of the English Church. By the Rev. Stanley Leathes, M.A., Prof. of Hebrew, King's College, London. [New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1878.]

This volume consists of thirty-two lectures (or sermons, perhaps) upon the Apostles' Creed. They are largely inspired by what the Germans call the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of the time. They are intended to meet modern difficulties and living objections, and so far are available. But also, for this reason, since modern objections and living difficulties are temporary, the lectures have but a partial interest and belong only to a passing state of things. They are of the theological literature which, by the limitations it adopts for itself, is necessarily ephemeral.

Nevertheless, such literature is by no means to be passed by. We are doing our work in the present, and the questions of the present are the questions we must deal with. After all, in their essence, they are abiding questions. It is but their form that changes.

Prof. Leathes writes in a calm, judicial temper. He meets difficulties generally in a frank, fair way. He is honest-minded, and deals honestly with his readers. And while one does not find him a great thinker nor a mighty reasoner, he does find him sensible, intelligent, and helpful, under the hampering of a style which he unfortunately shares with a great many English preachers and theological writers.

The preface on the "Present Dangers of the English Church" was evidently written under a sense of solemnity and reality, and has a fire and force of earnestness which the lectures themselves do not show. In these the theological professor is speaking. In that the man. Those present dangers are not exaggerated. They are pressing and gathering force daily, and men are gradually waking to them. Prof. Leathes's discussion of them is quite as timely here as in England. And if only for such discussion the publishers have done well in giving us an American edition of this book.

ALL SAINTS' DAY, AND OTHER SERMONS. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A., late Rector of Eversley and Canon of Westminster. Edited by the Rev. M. Harrison, M.A. [New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878.]

There are thousands who utter Charles Kingsley's name with a sense of personal loss. They never saw him living. But his death, in his full power of life and work, was like the death of a near friend. He was so thoroughly a man, "a great, broad-hearted, genial Englishman," so full of manly power and manly weakness, of human strength and human gentleness, and his words were so honest and spake him out so utterly, that his readers in both hemispheres had a personal affection for the man.

No word of his will they willingly pass by. It is well that these sermons are published. They come as a message from a dead friend. They are, to those thousands who loved Charles Kingsley, beyond criticism.

In one sense they are not sermons at all. They are unfinished, hasty, rugged, and even ragged. They are really fragments of the preacher's life, powerful and suggestive, eloquent beyond eloquence, the heart of a man pouring itself out, sometimes in blood and tears. Fiery, fervent cries as of the old prophets, in the midst of an evil and false time, these are they rather than modern sermons. Some of them, like "Useless Sacrifice," "Human Soot," "The Surprise of the Righteous," affect one as when a strong man breaks into bitter weeping. We cannot tell how they affected those who heard them, but we confess that the reading of them makes the nerves tingle. They are charged with the genius of Jeremiah and Isaiah.

The author was no model, as preaching models go. But as a man wrestling with the deep eternal questions of this and all worlds, as a man writing out of a fiery heart of indignation and of love, under the guidance of a strong, earnest, honest head, no modern preacher's words are fuller of suggestiveness and that power that moves to action or to thought.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MILTON: Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of His Time. By David Masson, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Vols. IV., V. [London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1877.] 8vo, cloth, pp. 642, 702.

In reviewing the previous volumes of this great work, we have already explained its character, method, purpose, and relative merits. The plan of each volume is the same. It is not, in all respects, the best that might have been adopted. The history and biography are traced separately. The system, while it may afford a clearer view of separate and individual facts, is, to say the least, unphilosophical; nor does it enable one to see, without effort, the personal relations which Milton sustained to his own times. The common life is shown by dissection.

The two volumes last issued extend from 1649 to 1660. They cover a period of the poet's career in some respects more important than any other. The history embraces the commonwealth and Cromwell's protectorate, and also the protectorate of Richard Cromwell, and extends down to the time of the restoration. The biography gives an account of Milton's secretaryship, and of his relations to the successive governments, together with an abstract of his State letters. Prof. Masson has shown wonderful patience in tracing out to the most minute details the events of the poet's strange and stormy career. Probably nothing more complete in the line of his biography will ever be given to the world, but we trust that some one will furnish a clearer statement of its significance. The materials are all collected. It yet remains for some calm thinker to interpret them. Such a writer will reap the fruit of this author's most praiseworthy though incomplete labors.

WHAT HE COST HER. By James Payn, Author of "Won, not Wooed," "The Best of Husbands," etc. [New York: Harper & Brothers.]

Mr. Payn is a well known writer of average merit, his books being sufficiently before the reading public to recommend themselves to that portion who deal principally in the lightest literature. The plot of his last book is a painful as well as a highly improbable one, turning entirely upon the fact that a young man of much promise, after having been married but a short time to the woman of his choice, wearies of her, and, meeting another, contrives, when falling in love with *her*, under highly romantic circumstances, to deceive her as to his real name and occupation by a series of shallow and most transparent artifices. He marries her also. In the ensuing revelations and consequent trial for bigamy which follows, the man, Cecil Landon, displays himself in his true colors, that of a selfish coward, Through some slight legal flaw, of which the first wife becomes cognizant, and allows, through her devotion to Landon, to be used in his favor, the first marriage is declared illegal, and the man escapes punishment. The book winds up with the usual sauce of happiness and plenty of pudding, dealt out for those who deserve it, quite the reverse to the major of tyrannical memory and all others deserving with him. A cleverly written book, keeping a thread of interest through pages of commonplace conversation and incident, but one not at all calculated to either elevate, instruct, or improve the reader.

THE TEMPERANCE LESSON BOOK. A Series of Short Lessons on Alcohol and its Action on the Body. Designed for Reading in Schools and Families. By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.A., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S; Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, etc. [New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. 1878.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 220.

A work like this ought to have great weight as an argument in behalf of temperance. It deals with the subject in a calm and scientific way. It furnishes facts concerning the nature and physiological action and effects of alcoholic drinks. It seems to us that if the young were instructed in some such way as that here provided, the evil of intemperance might be in time very much diminished. We are, as men, essentially selfish, and the majority of those who use intoxicating stimulants, and make alcohol the means of physical or nervous support, probably do it, at first, under the impression that they will receive some good from it. Very few enter any dangerous path simply because of the evil, but because of the benefit which they see in it. They err through ignorance rather than clear eyed perversity. In this way habits are formed and passions engendered that become tyrants, task-masters of Satan himself.

We take it for granted that the principles laid down by Dr. Richardson are, scientifically, correct and sound. If they are, he has furnished the most powerful plea in behalf of temperance of any that men are likely to accept. There are, indeed, higher grounds on which the duty might be urged, but the average man cannot understand them.

A POPULAR EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D, Prof. of Divinity in King's College, London. [New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1878.]

The qualities of Prof. Plumptre as an expositor are well known. They are learning,

verence, modesty, and spiritual insight. his exposition of the messages to the Seven hurches in the Apocalypse is marked by all ese characteristics. The volume is a small ne and a plain one, but there is much of erious suggestiveness, and, especially, is it ractical and of living interest. The book is so, in the way the author deals with this bject, a further contribution to that increasng literature which seeks to throw light upon ne New Testament by a reproduction of the mes and circumstances in which the Church egan her career.

OMEBODY ELSE. By G. P. Lathrop. [Boston: Roberts Brothers.]

Of all puzzling stories to read, this story is ertainly the greatest puzzle. It was a bright dea of the author's to use a motto of Aeschylus n the title-page, for as unreadable as the Greek words will be to most of the readers of 'Somebody Else," so ungetatable (if we may be llowed to coin a word) is the meaning and ntention of the author to the bewildered eader who attempts to steer successfully and nderstandingly through the plots, counterplots, and underplots which make up this soalled comedy. Almost every one in the book pretends to be somebody else, and they are fooled by one another with their eyes open in the most transparent manner, which would not deceive a reasonably bright child of four years old.

A buffoon called Gloan, whose practical jokes —for we are constantly reminded that he *is* a practical joker or we should consider him as particularly silly—are continually letting off pop-guns to announce his appearance on the scene, and hiding in dark corners to overhear other people's conversations. The attempts at wit are flat and of a doubtful character. A heroine feels "monotonous," and the father of one of the heroines, "a quiet man, but a good converser," has a laugh "which he chips off like a hard substance." The book is pretentious, but fails entirely in its object—that of the right to be called a little comedy, and is simply flat, heavy, and perfectly incomprehensible. Roberts Brothers have done their best to make the book successful, and the beautiful binding, clear print, and cream-tinted paper in which they have dressed it are worthy of a much better cause.

THE SCHOOL AND THE FAMILY. The Ethics of School Relations. By John Kennedy, Instructor in Teachers' Institute. [New York: Harper & Brothers. 1878.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 200.

The author discusses very wisely, and in a philosophical method, the whole subject of discipline in schools. His work is, in fact, an essay on the ethics of public education. The duties and the rights of parents, of pupils, and of teachers are presented with a clearness and force which we have never seen surpassed in any treatise on the subject. The volume ought to be read by all who wish to see our system of education freed from its present defects and made more perfect and free from friction.

THE ART OF SKETCHING FROM NATURE. By Thomas Rowbotham, Author of "The Art of Landscape Painting in Water Colors." With Twenty-six Illustrations, by Thomas L. Rowbotham. Revised by Susan N. Carter, Principal of the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.] Cloth, limp, pp. 74.

This work forms one of the series of "Putnam's Art Hand-books." It gives very clear and practical directions as to the proper and most successful method of landscape drawing. To any reader of these pages, though unskilled, the art will seem easy. And this is a good test of the excellence of the book. The instructions extend no further than linear sketching and do not include coloring.

MUSINGS ON PSALM CXIX. "The Psalm of Divine Aspirations." [Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1878.] Cloth, pp. 146.

These "musings" are in reality running comments—of a devotional rather than critical character—on each verse of the psalm. They bring out, however, the meaning of the original very clearly. The Psalmist's thoughts are, moreover, supplemented by what may be found more fully revealed in the New Testament.

THE NEW HANDY VOLUME SERIES. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

Of this series there have been issued recently, "The Bird of Passage," by J. Sheridan Le Faun; "Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb; "The Fisherman of Auge," by Katherine S. Macquoid; "Gordon Baldwin" and "Philosopher's Pendulum," by Rudolph Lindau; and "Misericordia," by Ethel Lynn Linton. It is a pleasant surprise to find the essays of the inimitable Elia in the Handy Volume Series, the clear print and convenient size of the book being an agreeable contrast to the original edition of Lamb's works. Of the novels, The Fisherman of Auge," by Mrs. Macquoid, is decidedly the best, a pleasant, well-told story of life among the fisher-folk and the shopkeeping class in and about Auge and Caen. The hero, Désiré, a young fisherman—falling in love with a girl named Marie, a girl of no particular mind or heart, and completely under the influence of an ambitious mother, the owner of the principal pastry-cook shop in the town of Caen, and consequently in social position superior to a poor fisherman—naturally would come to grief and naturally does, when, without any warning, his betrothed is promised to another and more prosperous man. The poor young Désiré, much in love, finds the world looking particularly black, when his father develops madness in addition to the already acquired bad habit of hoarding his money and knocking stray shipwrecked sailors on the head. Laboring under a mistaken sense of the justice of division of men's worldly goods as made by heaven, he sets fire to the bed of Auguste Leroux, the wealthy suitor for the hand of the pretty Marie, intending to burn the lover and his house together, by way of balancing things. Of course Auguste is rescued by the brave Désiré, and in an attempt to save from a horrible death the poor madman the hero is grievously hurt. He is nursed back to life by the right girl, who rejoices in the unpleasant name of Mimi, and we are left with the agreeable certainty, as plainly expressed as if it were written, that Désiré does find out that she is the right one, and in time makes her his wife. The other novels are interesting and readable, but of no particular merit.

HARPER'S HALF HOUR SERIES, AND FRANKLIN SQUARE EDITION.

The new issues of this series just received are, "The Curate of Orsières," by Otto Roquette, adapted from the German by Mary A. Robinson; "The Lady of Launay," by Anthony Trollope; and "Back to the Old Home," by Mary Cecil Hay.

On the principle that choicest goods are often contained in the smallest parcels, the Harper Brothers' Half-hour Series continues to be one of the best of their many popular editions. Anthony Trollope never wrote a better story or held the attention more closely in his many attempts to please the reading world than in this same little story, "The Lady of Launay." "The Curate of Orsières" is a pitiful little story of the brothers Turgot, who unfortunately were all three in love with the same girl, a niece of the curate, and who, in consequence, all came to grief. The scene is laid in the Swiss Alps, in the year 1800, when the "First Consul" crossed the St. Bernard into Italy. The description of a storm among the mountains, through which the curate fights his way to the Hospice of St. Bernard for the purpose of obtaining an interview with Napoleon, is remarkably well done, and the whole, though sad and with a painful ending, is an excellent adaptation.

"Back to the Old Home" will doubtless be found interesting by Miss Hay's many admirers. Varying not at all from her well-known style, it contains the usual rather overdrawn good woman, and equally extremely objectionable woman. The hero, who suffers and is strong, and the whole slight plot gracefully clothed in good English and well told, form, as is usual with this author's books, very pleasant Summer reading.

Of the "Franklin Square Edition," "Hour's Worth; or, The Cost of a Vow," by Meta Orred, author of "A Long Time Ago"; "A Beautiful Woman," a romance by Leon Brook; "Christine Brownlee's Ordeal," by Mary Patrick, author of "Marjorie Bruce's Lovers"; and "Cleveden," by Stephen Yorke, have been received. This edition still continues most satisfactory in the matter of print and clearness of type. The present novels are in no way behind those that have gone before in merit and worth, some of the best books of the season, issued by the Harpers, having appeared in this convenient form. Special mention should be made of "Christine Brownlee's Ordeal," a pleasant story of English middle-class life, with well-drawn characters, with a hero and heroine who come safely through numerous tribulations to a triumphant and happy ending of them all in the pleasant home picture drawn in the last chapter.

LECTIONARIES, ENGLISH AND IRISH, with Suggestions for the Reconstruction of the American; for Clergy and Laity. By the Rev. W. P. Lewis, D.D. [Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.] 12mo, pp. 220. 1878.

The present volume is a valuable contribution to the subject of Tables of Lessons. The writer presents his views and criticisms modestly, yet with freedom and fairness. We agree with him in the main that the matter requires further time and careful consideration before the Church can finally fix upon the portions of Holy Scripture which shall be read in the ears of the people on Sundays and holy days, as well as those appointed for daily service throughout the year. Dr. Lewis's book also contains a large amount of valuable information respecting the views of prominent bishops and clergy in the Church of England and the Irish Church. We commend his work to the notice of those for whom he intended it, laity as well as clergy.

THE LAW OF SOWING AND REAPING. By the Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Covenant, New York. [New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.] Paper, 16mo, pp. 29. Price 15 cents.

In this sermon the author explains and illustrates quite forcibly the law holding good in both the natural and the moral world, that like produces like, and that future retribution will be only the reaping of what the man thus punished has previously sown. The discourse is an excellent example of practical preaching.

THE MILL AND THE TAVERN. By T. S. Arthur, Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." [New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. 1878.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 302.

The title gives only a partial, and, withal, a somewhat deceptive idea of the book itself. It describes only one of the several stories herein contained. All of them set forth very graphically the evils of intemperance, and they are written in a popular style. Their simplicity is greater than their strength.

WALKS IN LONDON. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Two Volumes in One. [New York: George Routledge and Sons]

In this highly entertaining and instructive work the reader will find all manner of information touching those streets and houses, persons and events of which he has heard from childhood. The author has not only given the places of which he writes careful inspection, but he is familiar with the literature bearing on any and every subject included in these volumes. As he says in the introduction, he does not aim to be original; but he is always clear and concise, and as happy in his quotations from others as in his own observations. In his "walks" through

this wonderful city he takes the reader through street after street, and from house to house, calling attention to notable shops and dwellings, characters and incidents, monuments and pictures, and whatever else may interest a sight-seer or the careful sight-seeing of another. He even enumerates the pictures in many famous houses, as, for instance, fifty or more to be seen in Grosvenor House, of which he gives the names of the painters as well as a short description of their works. The book thus becomes a description of London to some and a guide-book to others. Indeed, as the author himself says, "While endeavoring to make 'Walks in London' something more interesting than a guide-book, I have tried, especially in Westminster Abbey and the picture-galleries, to give such details as may suggest new lines of inquiry to those who care to linger and investigate." The first volume is chiefly taken up with the city, the second with the West End and Westminster, and the two equally include old and new London. The work is plentifully illustrated, and has a copious index.

LITERATURE.

Dr. Farrar's last volume has just been issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is entitled "Saintly Workers."

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for publication, early in August, a volume of sermons by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix.

The catalogue of the Bodleian Library, now completely finished, makes 719 volumes. This does not include the catalogue of the Bibles, which will fill two additional volumes.

"An Old Subscriber" asks us to print a list of colleges and other institutions of learning which have the power of conferring the degree of Doctor of Divinity. We must decline to do so, for there are more than 300 of them.

The memorial discourse of the late William Welsh, delivered in St. Luke's church, on April 11th, by the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, has recently been published, at the request of the Bishop of Pennsylvania, in a neat pamphlet. Copies of the pamphlet are for sale. Price ten cents.

A sermon delivered in St. Paul's church, Detroit, Mich., on Whitsun-day, 1878, by the Rev. Rufus W. Clark, Jr., has been published by the vestry of the church. The subject is "Mechanism and Life: The Wheel and the Spirit in the Wheel." The elements of the Church's strength are stated to be catholicity, culture, and the spirit of consecration.

The *Standard of the Cross* says: A committee of the board of trustees of the General Theological Seminary has been investigating the subject of honorary degrees. They find that every sixth ecclesiastic in our Church has a degree of Doctor of Divinity or Doctor of Laws. Of the Canadian clergy only one in eleven has a degree. In the Church of England the number of persons having the doctor's degree is exceedingly limited. The statute of the General Seminary now requires the candidate for the degree of Doctor in Sacred Theology to present an original essay in the Latin or Greek tongue. It was proposed to amend so as to read "an original essay in Greek, Latin, or English." The proposed amendment was not adopted. The conferring of these honorary degrees so freely is felt to be anything but a kindness by many upon whom they have been thrust as a well-meant but ill-advised compliment.

SCIENCE.

It is estimated that the population on the continent of America averages five to the square mile; that of Europe, seventy-nine; Asia, thirty-five; Africa, six; Oceanica, five; and of the whole earth the average is about twenty to the square mile.

The recent total eclipse of the sun was observed by a number of scientific men with excellent results. Several photographs were taken by Dr. Draper, of New York, and observations of the corona and drawings of it were made by others. Prof. Watson thinks that he saw an intra-Mercurial planet. Spectroscopic observations failed to reveal any new lines in the spectrum of the corona. Mr. Edison was present, of course, with a new invention, the tasimeter, from which he professes to have learned that the corona emits heat.

At the conference of architects, lately held at London, Mr. Carroll, during the discussion that followed the reading of a paper by Professor Barff on his process for preserving iron from rust, stated that he believed "tons upon tons of rust were taken monthly from the tubes of the Britannia bridge." This statement, which created no little excitement, as it seemed to foretell the speedy dissipation of one of the engineering marvels of Great Britain, has been emphatically denied by the engineers who have charge of the bridge. It is on record, however, that at one thorough cleaning in 1865 forty tons of rust were taken out.

The use of the compass on board ships made of iron, or charged with magnetic matter, is known to be attended with considerable difficulty. Up to a certain point the indications of the instrument may be corrected by addition of magnets in certain positions determined by experience, or ascertaining, by calculation, the disturbing action of the ship. But these corrections, good in one locality, are influenced by the magnetic climate, and so vary in the course of a voyage. Besides, a slight displacement of magnetic masses on board will change all; thus, in some steamers with telescopic funnels, it is found that the compass gives different indications, according as the funnel is drawn in or out. In view of such facts, M. Faye has lately suggested a new mode of determining a ship's route at sea, viz., by means of the log. With the sextant the angle is taken which the cord of the log makes with the direction of the sun or a star, and thus the ship's direction is determined. The method seems to deserve experimental trial.

The London *Echo* states that a very remarkable improvement in instantaneous photography has been recently introduced by Mr. C. Bennett—a discovery which promises to vastly increase the capabilities of the art of the camera. It is, as might be expected, an improved dry-plate process, in which bromide of ammonium and nitrate of silver are the active agents. Probably the severest test of any instantaneous (so-called) method of photography consists in obtaining a picture of falling drops of water; and this Mr. Bennett has succeeded in accomplishing by photographing the drops of water falling from a jug and trickling over a bunch of flowers. His pictures, when examined under a magnifying glass, exhibit the drops of broken liquid clearly and unmistakably, and are a complete triumph of the photographer's art. They show that the ripple of the waves, the discharge of a gun, and even a flash of lightning are capable of being depicted upon a negative with accuracy, thus opening a still wider field of usefulness to the camera.

A new process of preserving the bodies of the dead has been announced recently, which promises to come into very general use. The material used in the process is a liquid, whose preparation is a secret, called by its inventor "allekton." It is made by a combination of chemicals, and is said to have been tried, experimentally, in many cases in New York and elsewhere, with great success. The liquid is rubbed upon the dead body, and also injected into it, and is soon absorbed in the tissues, the thorough application of it requiring only about twenty minutes. It arrests the beginning of decomposition, and prevents all odors, and has preserved dead bodies in a natural and flexible condition for at least several weeks.

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4. Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
9. Friday. Fast.
11. Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
16. Friday. Fast.
18. Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
23. Friday. Fast.
24. St. Bartholomew.
25. Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
30. Friday. Fast.

CHRIST STILLING THE STORM.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

Midnight upon the sea;
A starless, moonless night, when darkness flung
Across the sky a heavy, dense, black pall,
Seeming by its huge folds to picture forth
To timid hearts weird thoughts of ghastly death.
Then—when this skeleton-like form loomed up
Amid the dark—hoarse, fitful whispers came
From moaning waves, and groaning winds that wound
Around, below, above each rocking ship,
Flapping each sail, with dirges, strange and wild,
Filling each straining rope with mutters low,
That mingled with the rising billows' roar,
Until the two became one fierce, mad shriek!
Afar from shore, on Galilee's deep sea,
On such a night, amid a raging storm,
A fleet of sailing vessels, small and light,
Were tossing on the angry, yawning waves.
Midnight, in wrathful mood, had thrown a cloak
Of inky blackness o'er the boiling deep,
Then charged the clouds with maddening, roaring wind!
These furious gales had swept the stars away,
And blotted out the moon, leaving no trace
Of comet, northern light, or meteor flash,
Nor one faint glimmer of the polar star,
To guide these pilots in their onward course.
On one of these small sailing boats our Lord
Was sleeping sweetly; for His frame was worn
And wearied by His toil.
Higher the storm
Arose! Wilder and wilder grew the scene!
The mutters of the wind had changed to blasts
Of sullen turmoil, while the waves heaved up,
In hissing, boiling, lashing tumult, high
Above the ship; then in a deep abyss
Of blackest depths they thrust the vessel down
In dashes fierce, and held it there a breath,
Then shot it high upon another wave,
To send it back in fury.
Cries of fear
And awful dread, from seamen's pallid lips
Blended with the uproar. Shouts and prayers
Alike were heard on every side. At last
Such thoughts as these found vent in words:
How dreadful is the night!
How mad the storm. Our nerves can scarcely bear
The strain upon them! Horror everywhere,
That fills us with affright!
Hark! hear the rushing of that furious blast
Tugging so fiendishly around each sail,
Tearing the rigging, bending low the mast,
Then like a demon, howling forth a wail,
Making the firmest pale,
By floating, echolike, upon the gale.

Would we could see the day
Break in the east! We never prized the sun
One half enough! Now could the daylight come
To show us our lost way,
Our hearts would hail it as the greatest boon,
And call it a rich blessing from on high.
But all is dark, so dark, we feel that soon
Life will be over, each one doomed to sigh
That he so quick must die,
And in some dismal, dank sea-cave must lie.

How horrid is the thought
Of sinking down, down, down beneath the wave,
With none to pity, with no hand to save,
For life cannot be bought!
But stay, where is the Master? Let us go
And tell Him our sore strait. Perchance He may
Assist us, when He sees our fear and woe;
Perchance, by kind advice, our shipwreck stay,
If not, why He can pray,
And by sweet words take fear of death away.

Yes; let us quickly start
To find the Master. Strange He is not here.
His very presence in this hour would cheer
Each fainting, trembling heart.
Yonder, upon a pillow sleeping, lies
The one we seek. Come, let us Him accost,
And banish this strange slumber from His eyes.
Wake, Master, wake! See how our boat is tost;
This storm our lives may cost;
Then save us, Lord, or we are lost, lost, lost!

The Master rose, and with the simple words,
"Why are ye fearful? Why so little faith?"
Strode calmly o'er the deck, and faced the storm.
Back to their own wild haunts the winds were forced
By three short words of firmness—"Peace, be still!"
With this command a sudden change took place;
The wind subsided; not a mutter low,
Disturbed the ear. The waves fell gently back.
A calm as peaceful as an infant's sleep
Rested upon the sea. Into the sky
The moon sailed proudly, followed by a train
Of brilliant constellations, while a flood
Of light dropped on each wave, until they seemed
Large moonlit diadems.
Astonishment
Lit every face, while whispers passed around
Of wonder and of awe.
So Jesus speaks
For poor lost sinners, when destruction yawns
And gusts of wrath approach, if they but cry
"Lord, save us, or we perish." He rebukes
Each storm of sin, and the saved soul glides, on
A tranquil sea, to heaven's eternal rest.

THE GIRLS OF ST. ANDREW'S.*

BY JENNIE HARRISON,

Author of "The Choir Boys of Cheswick," etc.

XII.

Surely there never had been such a week in quiet Cheswick before! Never such a bustle of youth and gayety as these girls and boys of St. Andrew's made! Everything which the girls had not tried, in the way of amusement, the boys proposed for them.

They went through the town in search of horses, and brought them to the girls, insisting that they should learn to ride. They dispensed with the choir boys, and gave the girls lessons in rowing themselves. They kept every one in the place, and especially the boys, wondering what would be done next. They quite threatened, indeed, to outdo Miss Walker and Fannie Evert in their plans. But there were one or two which the girls had decided on for this last week, and which they would not allow the boys to encroach upon.

One was a blackberry party "for the benefit" of Mrs. Hoffman. The girls had heard her speaking of how she should get her berries picked for preserving, and they had resolved to surprise her by doing it themselves.

This proved a very pleasant excursion, and gave them a great deal of amusement, besides the satisfaction which they had in doing this little kindness for their landlady.

The other one was a picnic for the Sunday-school children, in whom the girls had grown interested by seeing how Fannie Evert cared for them, and how much pleasure she took in doing anything for them.

"Fan has always some one on hand," the girls used to say. "If it isn't a Sunday-school child, it's one of the parents, with a felon on her finger, or something to hinder her, so that she wants to be helped. And Fan Evert, too! just think of it! Fan, who used to be the daintiest, idlest little thing among us all!"

And so, for Fan's sake, and because they had learned a little from her of the satisfaction of helping others, they planned this picnic for the children of the Sunday-school.

"It's our own special treat," they said to their brothers, "and you must help us through with it."

The young men entered into it with all their hearts. "Anything for a change," they said. And all the children of the church looked forward eagerly to the appointed day.

It proved to be one of the brightest days of all the Summer—one of those days which make every one glad, and make the whole earth seem almost like the Eden God meant it to be.

The young people who had planned the picnic were quite as merry over it as the children themselves.

The girls were up early, and busy with preparations, which the young men watched with much joking and laughter; swinging themselves about in the boughs of the trees which overhung Mrs. Hoffman's kitchen; coming down readily, when wanted, and keeping up all the while a lively accompaniment of noise and fun.

Then the children gathered on the green around the church, with flags and banners; and the whole party walked to the grove, where all sorts of new and unexpected things had been arranged by Palmer and Nelson and Ned.

The rector, Mr. Pearce, was there, and all the teachers, approving, gratefully, of all that the kind friends had done.

How shall I tell you of all the plays and pleasures of that day? how the glad voices of the children made pleasant music on the air; how they all seemed like children, so gay and happy; and how Mr. Pearce told them that they were all children—children of the great Father, God, who made the earth so beautiful, and gave them so many good gifts to enjoy.

The girls of St. Andrew's listened attentively as he spoke, knowing that they needed this lesson as well as the children, and thinking back upon the talk they had had with Miss Walker about getting the joy out of the common daily life and the little daily duties.

Then, just as the children began to feel hungry, Mr. Hoffman's big wagon drove up, and out of it were taken all sorts of mysterious baskets; which caused the boys and girls to look and wonder and nudge each other, and whisper many delighted expectations.

"There's chicken, I bet!" said one little fellow, looking with big hungry eyes.

"There's lemonade, I guess!" said another.

"And there's oranges. Oh! oh!" cried a tiny girl, clapping her hands and dancing with joy.

The long tables were soon spread by the busy hands of the St. Andrew's girls, and tempting piles of sandwiches, cake, and fruit rose up before the eyes of the children. When they gathered around the table Ned Adams declared he was going to make himself useful, and, borrowing a white apron from Mrs. Evert, began to pass things around, with many comical remarks, which kept the children laughing as fast as they ate.

It was a merry meal to all of those little ones; such a meal as some of them had never had in their lives before.

Palmer made the acquaintance of "Big Ben," and Arthur Montray, and others of the older boys who had helped entertain his sister and her friends during their stay at Cheswick; and as he also was a "choir boy,"

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there was a sort of bond between them, and they had a very pleasant little talk together.

By and by, when the children sang, and Palmer noticed Ben's clear bass, and the other boys' helpful voices, he said to Fannie Evert what a good thing it was that Mr. Pearce had gathered them into the church, and made them so useful and so interested in it.

"Indeed it is," answered Fannie. "All Cheswick is grateful for it; and all Cheswick is very proud of our boy-choir, too."

"Ah, Fannie, I'm afraid you'll never come back to St. Andrew's for love."

"Yes, for love I would go back to St. Andrew's; but for love and duty together I would stay at Cheswick and the Holy Cross."

Smiling gayly at him, she turned away to attend to some little ones who were asking her to show them about a new game. And Palmer Whitby watched her with a curious little smile, thinking how she had changed of late, and how they were all growing away from the St. Andrew's boys and girls into men and women, with all life's wonders and duties before them.

"I was thinking," he said, as Mr. Pearce came up to him, "how you have drawn Fannie Evert away from us, and made her such a help to yourself."

"Miss Fannie is helpful," he said musingly, looking towards her. "She has been learning one of the great lessons of life here in Cheswick—learning to put self aside and to take up all duties cheerfully, letting each day make its own joy."

"Letting each day make its own joy!" The words reached Julia Reed, as she stood just behind the speakers, leaning against a tree and dreamily watching the scene.

"Letting each day make its own joy!—that is it, I do believe! Not cramping and hindering one day by reaching forward to another!"

She was not allowed to stand there and think very long amid all the noise and merriment; but Mr. Pearce's words stayed in her memory, and came back to her again and again months afterwards.

All the pleasant day was over only too soon. The last song was sung, and the happy party went home, leaving the grove to the birds, who kept picnics there every day all through the Summer.

Nelson Reed went away the next morning; but Ned and Palmer were to stay over Sunday and go home with the girls.

XIII.

And all the girls confessed that they were very sorry when the sun of that last Sunday rose over the blue hills and shone on the cross of the Cheswick church.

"I'm always sorry to have the vacations end," said Maggie; "but it's worse than ever it was before. We have had such real good times here."

"So we have, little Maggie," agreed Anna. "I thought it would be quite stupid when we came here, but I don't think we have passed three dull days in the whole time."

"I shall never forget it as long as I live," said Ellen Marks, coming up from the garden with her hands full of flowers. "If I never have such a good time again, I can keep my life happy with the remembrance of this one."

And the girls, looking into her radiant face, which they had never seen half so bright before, felt that they had gained a double blessing in going to Cheswick that year. They had something, too, to gladden all their lives—the remembrance of the rest and joy which they had helped to give unto this one other life.

That last Sunday in Cheswick was one of the best which the girls of St. Andrew's had ever spent. They had grown to feel a pleasant interest in the rector of the little church, in the choir boys, and in many of the people. And they had learned, too, some lessons of life there, in the still, sweet country, and among the simple, earnest people, which had never come to them so clearly in their own beautiful church.

And so, half unconsciously, their hearts clung tenderly to it all that morning as they sat in the Cheswick church, while the bird songs and the sweet breezes came in at the open windows and helped to tell the "old, old story," the story of Jesus, who loved both bird and breeze and all sweet and pleasant things when He was on earth, and who loved at that moment—oh, so much more—each one of those girl lives which were opening to receive "all the sun and all the showers," all the hope and the mystery, the pain and the gladness, the toil and yearning and disappointment; all that He had received before and knew so well. Ah, dear girls, would they go out to it alone? go without Him who knew all the way? go, so glad and all unready, holding up their own feeble hands to take life's good, and not seeing at all the dear, patient hands that were reached out to help them, the strong hands that were nailed to the cross for their sakes? Would they go so? I think not. I think that something came to them, amid the sweetness and beauty that day, as it had never come before—some thought of life lived unto Him and through Him and near to Him.

"Grant to us, Lord, we beseech Thee," prayed the rector, in the words of the collect, "the spirit to think and do always such things as are right, that we, who cannot do anything that is good without Thee, may by Thee be enabled to live according to Thy will, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

And each girl-heart responded its Amen fervently. Oh, glad girl-hearts, sitting in the sunlight and not knowing one step of the future way!

Palmer and Ned sat with the girls; and when their strong voices rang out in chant and hymn the service seemed doubly beautiful and good to their sisters. It was a rare thing for the brothers to sit with them in church. The boys had grown up in the St. Andrew's choir, and ever since the girls could remember they had watched them and listened to them there; and now to sit by them and hear their voices joining with their own in prayer and praise was very pleasant.

Julia Reed missed that joy, and a little shade of sadness came over her as she thought of Nelson alone in the great city; not alone either, for he had plenty of friends; but she longed to have him there in their own little circle. "Nelson was slipping away from them," Sophy had said; and his sister wondered if it could be true.

The boys dined at Mrs. Hoffman's, by special invitation, that day; and after the pleasant dinner they wandered out in little groups to enjoy the stillness, and visit for the last time some favorite spots.

"I wonder what sort of a place this is in Winter," said Palmer Whitby, stopping under the shade of the trees and looking into the clear water of the little brook. "It must be dreadfully dull I think."

"Well, I don't know; Fannie Evert seems to be quite happy here all the year round."

"Isn't it queer? I can't understand it in a girl like Fannie."

"She says she has so much to do; that's the secret of it. And Mrs. Evert herself told me the other day that Fannie was like a sunbeam in the house, making everything bright and cheerful."

"All girls are that," said Palmer, looking fondly into his own sister's pleasant face.

"No, they're not, Palmer; I wish they were. And then working for other people. Why, I've never done anything for anybody in all my life."

Palmer pinched her cheek and said "Pshaw!" and thought her a very dear, useful little sister.

And over the brook, up on the hill-side, stood Ned Adams, talking to Sophy and Ellen, while Maggie Tressel flew here and there, like a gay butterfly who couldn't bear to leave the sweets.

"I saw your uncle, Ellen, when I came up from Newport," said Ned. "He was digging away, and looking just as dry and practical as ever."

"Suppose you had to teach school all day and go home every night to all that dryness and practicality?" said Ellen, with a little impatient sigh.

"I wouldn't do it! I'd set the house on fire! I'd run away! I'd do something desperate!" said Ned, looking into the girl's face with a new sympathy.

"No you wouldn't," Ellen replied after a minute; "you'd catch all the bright drops by the way every day, and carry your cupful home every night and drink it right there, and spill some of it around the dry place, and—and——"

Ellen walked suddenly away with a break in her voice. And Sophy was left to explain to her brother all about the "three cups," and the talk they had had about them.

"Poor Ellen! It does seem too bad for a young girl like her to have such a home, without any pleasant young companions."

"Well, we must 'divide up,' as Miss Walker says, and share our good things with her. I wonder we never thought of it before."

"Father himself seems to be getting a little practical and dry," said Ned, changing the subject after a little thought; "he came up from Newport twice to attend to business, and I think he's a little troubled."

"Dear old father! he sha'n't be troubled. We'll hurry back and make things bright for him."

A little pang came to the daughter's heart as she remembered how little she had ever troubled herself about her father's comfort; taking all the pleasant things he made for her and not thinking much of how she could help him.

Ned laughed. He thought she would just go back and sing her songs, and wear her pretty dresses, and go out with the other girls the same as ever.

Then he crossed over to where Julia Reed sat reading, with little Maggie fluttering about her in her white dress.

"Mrs. Browning again, I do declare!" he said, peeping over her shoulder.

She looked up with a bright smile, and the words she had been reading repeated themselves over and over in her mind while Ned chattered.

"—— A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad.
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."

Then she slipped away from the words and fell to dreaming again, looking off at the far blue hills.

"If I could only ever hope to write half as well as that," she said, "I wouldn't care if I had to wait and labor fifty years."

"Oh, don't!" cried Ned; "you'd quarrel with your husband, and never have a bit of real happiness."

Julia did not answer, but looked away, thinking thoughts which she could never utter to Ned Adams.

"And it's almost tea-time," said Maggie, bending down to her friend's face; "see how low the sun is."

Yes; there it was, when Julia looked up, making the clouds rosy in the west, and gilding again the cross of the little church.

"Always the cross, clear and plain, whichever way you look, here," she thought, remembering how the earliest rays of the sun had touched it that morning.

Then they went down the hill together, and the last sun of their vacation Sundays set behind the Cheswick mountains.

XIV.

In all our lives there are times of pleasure which, having been once, never come again. But sometimes I think that, in girls' lives particularly, there comes a time when they stand in the full light of the sun, breathing all the freshness of the morn and catching all the glory from God's beautiful earth—a time when all things seem very good and bright, and no shadow rests on the mountain-tops.

Oh, when I see girls standing there, with the gladness in their faces and the eager joy in their hearts, I almost long to be a wondrous fairy and reach out my magic wand to make the future that is hidden from them as bright as they dream it will be.

But no, there is some One wiser far, and more loving, who holds these dear girl-lives in His hands, and He knows what is best for them. And so, when they stand there in the sunlight, all unknowing, and the clouds are coming up from behind the beautiful mountains—the clouds to overshadow their lives—we need not fear for them; but trust them to Him who marks out each life-path with tender care.

So, I think, these girls of St. Andrew's stood during those last glad vacation days, taking the joy and brightness, which never, at least to some of them, could be quite so complete again.

It had been a beautiful season; and their hearts clung fondly to Cheswick, with all its pleasant associations. They were very sorry to go; and many of the Cheswick people were very sorry, too, to have them go. Their youth and gayety had brightened all the quiet little town; and not one touch of rudeness or selfishness had there been in all their pleasures to mar the comfort of those around them.

"I wonder if we will ever come back to Cheswick again," Julia said, as they stood prepared to go, and she was taking a last lingering look at the blue hills.

"Oh yes, I'm sure we shall!" cried hopeful little Maggie.

"We can't afford to forget it," said Sophy; "and whenever we do come, you must please expect to take care of us, Mrs. Hoffman!" The warm-hearted girl kissed the old lady's faded cheek as she spoke, and bade her good-by with sincere regret.

Fannie Evert went with them to the depot with a sorrow in her face that needed no words to make it understood. They tried to get her to promise a long visit to the city in the Winter, but she only laughed, and said she could not tell—perhaps Cheswick might not want to spare her."

Then the cars came, and the last good-bys were said, and the woods and hills and fields that they had learned to love began slowly to disappear as the train moved on.

"It seems such a little while since we came here, and now it is all over!" said Ida, stretching her neck to catch the last glimpse of the Cheswick church and Mr. Evert's white house on the hill.

"I wish we could go back and have it all over again!" cried Sophy. And then she leaned over to Miss Walker and whispered, "I think 'dividing things up' is the very best way, and I mean always to do it."

Her teacher smiled and felt quite satisfied with the result of her little plan.

"Oh no!" Maggie said, in answer to Sophy's wish to have it all over again "we don't want to go back; there are plenty of good things ahead."

All the girls smiled at little Maggie's enthusiasm; and the glow of it was reflected in most of their faces.

Their teacher watched them thoughtfully. Bright young eyes, and faces full of hope, and glad girl-hearts, that did not know one step of the way which was before them.

"Well, girls, whatever is ahead, we must go to our duties with cheerful hearts, and take with us the joy of this Summer vacation to gladden all the future."

"Yes," said Ellen, drawing a long breath, as if she were still out on the wide hills, "I feel so rested and fresh, I am ready for anything."

"So am I," said Julia, her earnest face responding to Ellen's hopefulness; "I feel as if I could do some great thing and not mind the labor one bit."

"Suppose, Julia, it should be a little thing instead of a great one, could you do that and not mind the narrowing down and the cramping and the keeping back?" her teacher asked. "For some of us, you know, there may be marked a narrow path at the foot of the hill we long to climb. It is all marked out for us; and God's work would be at the foot of the hill for us just the same; and His sunlight would come down from the mountain-top and reach us."

"Oh, but I'd rather climb," said Julia, with a little impatient laugh, and only half understanding what her teacher meant.

"And miss the strong guiding hand, Julia?" Miss Walker asked in a low voice, while Ida began to laugh at Julia's great ambitions, and to talk of what she dreamed she saw in the future for them all.

Palmer and Ned read the morning papers behind the girls, and said a word now and then, or laughed at the remarks which they overheard.

"Julia will be an authoress, of course, shaking the nations with her mighty words and leaving us far behind in the dust of her chariot wheels. Ellen will teach the young ideas, and be a blessing to her sex. Anna will marry a prince, and be the proudest lady in the land. Little Maggie will ride always on the top of the highest wave. And Sophy—well, Sophy——"

"Ah, there's the mystery for you!" cried Sophy, while they all laughed; and several began to picture Ida's own future with delicate, loving touches; for Ida, always fresh and bright and cheerful, was a favorite among her companions.

"Sophy? oh, she'll sing 'Mollie Darling' and all the rest, and wear pretty dresses, and be—nice!" said Ned, leaning over to laugh in his sister's face.

"Ned, I believe you have a grudge against that song."

"Against all songs of its kind, and girls that are forever warbling them," answered Ned, trying to look scornful.

"Now, Ned, you know it's a tough old world anyhow, so do let the girls sing their songs, and keep a little lightness and froth on the top of it."

And while they all were laughing at Palmer's sage remark the cars drew up at the home station, and they saw Nelson waving his hand and looking very glad at their coming.

After all, they found it very pleasant to be in the familiar streets again, to hear the noise and bustle, and to get back to the old ways.

They separated at the depot, each one going her own way to her own home, and each one carrying with her a pleasant freshness from the Cheswick hills to last for many a day.

(To be continued.)

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

BY A. G.

"I ask not," said a good man once,
"For this my only son,
That earthly joys his steps attend,
Nor life's success be won.

"I ask not that misfortune's blast
Be turned from him away;
Nor that his daily lot in life
Be free from care alway.

"For well I know that sorrow oft
With blessed peace is rife,
And patient suffering's thorny road
Leads to eternal life;

"That strife and toil, and want and woe,
Are by our Father given,
To turn our souls from worldly hopes,
And lead us on to heaven.

"I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Where'er his lot be cast;
I only ask, when life is o'er,
May he reach heaven at last."

JACOB.

A Study of Divine Grace.

BY THE REV. H. MARTYN HART, M.A.

"The God of Jacob is our refuge."

How infinitely hopeful is the name "the God of Jacob"! It is from no sense of satisfaction in the character of the *man* that the great Father of mankind would be known by this name; rather is it as a physician might be known in connection with some dreadful disease and its complete cure. As in such a name would be the physician's honor and the sufferer's hope, so in this name is seen what is the true glory of God and the hope of the world.

The facts narrated concerning Jacob are few and far between. Apparently when a youth, we find him in the family tent, just sitting down to a savory bowl of pottage, when Esau enters. His brother has been

hunting, he has returned unsuccessful, and, having fasted long, is consequently unusually irritable and reckless.

Naturally enough, he asks his brother to share with him the lentil broth; and now we learn the jealousy which fills Jacob's heart. The brothers were twins, and yet it seems that admittedly the birthright belonged to Esau, and it also seems that Jacob had not quietly acquiesced in his brother's right, but that he had contemplated sharing, if not entirely possessing, the inheritance. From what we know of Isaac's love for Esau, we may well believe that this dispute had been definitely settled by the father's expressed opinion. In Esau's mood, the cold and calculating Jacob sees an opportunity of inducing him to part with the coveted birthright; and so anxious was he, that he made his generous, though reckless, brother swear that, in return for the "mess of pottage," he would give up the inheritance. Here Jacob shows himself as a mere bargain-maker.

We turn away from that scene with none of the pleasantest opinions of Jacob's character. And now years pass away, and when in middle life, even when seventy-seven years old, we find Jacob taking advantage of the blindness of his old father, and by a course of such deceit as has seldom, if ever, been paralleled in the sad annals of human perfidy, gaining by appalling wickedness the blessing from a father whom he supposed to be dying. We watch him leave the encampment at Hebron without one expression of regret —nay, his very permission to go was obtained from Isaac by another lie.

The third night he is sleeping on the hillside close to Luz. Cunning people are always suspicious; he would not trust himself to the Canaanites in the town; he slept in the woods which clothe the sides of the valley, with a stone for his pillow.

No one would venture to say that that man was a religious man. As far as we have his character before us, it is without one redeeming trait, except, perhaps, there are traces of love to his mother. The name of God, as far as we know, has not been upon his lips, except when he ventured to use the great name, which was "the fear of his father," to support his deceit.

And yet, wicked as he was, that God who wills not the death of a sinner, saw that Jacob was capable of change, and therefore He dealt with him. The strata still crop out of the sides of the hill of Bethel, so as to give the hill profile the resemblance of mighty steps. It was the last impression on Jacob's eye, and he dreamt of that hill-stair towering above him into heaven. God peopled his dream with angels, and then God's own words reached him from the light into which the angels went! He seems touched, but not softened; "he is greatly afraid," and he says "he knew not that God was" in that place, and one feels inclined to add, if he had known it, he would have sooner trusted himself to sleep in Luz.

How cold and bargaining is his rejoinder to the gracious and magnificent promise—he will trust God provided God helps him in his straits! There is no heartiness, no real surrender of himself, no shame, no offer to go back to Hebron and pour out a broken heart in asking his father's and his brother's forgiveness. No, he is expecting much, and of that much he promises a liberal tenth—a promise, too, he never kept till the time when he had become a changed man. He is a bargain-maker with God—amid the hopeful light of angels' wings, the solemn silence of the Eternal.

Nor had he, apparently, altered when he left Laban's service, where he had had, for twenty years, his own measure meted out to him, craft for craft, cunning for cunning. When he left Syria, his family were idolaters, and they were following his own example. His favorite wife stole the household gods of her father, and then she told him a lie to hide them!

Now God commands him to go to Bethel. Though it was the place of the forgotten vow, we hear nothing of sorrow, or humble, renewed dedication. But only one craven thought fills his heart—the fear of Esau! He had not even enough faith to argue that if God told him to go to Bethel he would surely arrive there in safety, and therefore, some way or other, he would be preserved from Esau's just wrath.

Of course it may be said this is a very improbable view of a man's character with whom God dealt so intimately. But miracles—and the revelation of God is a miracle—do not necessarily convert men. Balaam was not saved, Judas was not saved, Malchus, as far as we know, was not saved. It is the law, as enunciated by the Lord Jesus himself, that if the ordinary means—Moses and the prophets —will not arrest men, even a preacher from the dead cannot. The story is given to show the marvellous patience of God with one so slow of heart to believe.

But twenty years of hard discipline cannot pass over a man and leave him untouched. Jacob was now close upon one hundred years old, and the voices of his heart had gradually become silent, and when the great fear came upon him he trembled. Esau was coming with 400 men—no other word did the messenger bring back; there was nothing to indicate his brother's intention—and of course a guilty conscience feared the worst.

If there be a soft and tender place in a heart, it is generally enlarged by sorrow. Apparently, years ago, the only pleasant feature in his character was love to his mother. That tenderness his love for Rachel and his children had nurtured, and it had glowed the more because of the cold winds to which, for twenty years, he had been exposed.

So it seemed that more for "the mother and the little ones" he feared than even for himself. His character had improved, and now, what can he do, where can he turn? He cannot cope with four hundred armed men. He has only one refuge. It was the refuge which is always open. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." But, alas! a man who has made no religious profession in his family finds it a very difficult matter to begin. How many a man would have family prayers, if he dare but make a beginning! It was a meaning requirement which caused the cleansed leper not to go to his own tent for seven days. It is easy to be religious anywhere but at home. It was so, that when Jacob felt he must meet God, and beseech His help, he could not call his household about him to join with him in supplication. But alone, he recrossed the Jabbok, and there, unseen by any human eye, he cast his burden on the Lord. God was ready to draw near to him—far closer than he expected, and as an angel wrestled with him all night. At length, with a disjointed hip, he would wrestle no longer; and it was then, when he could only helplessly cling, that he prevailed.

The morning rose upon Jacob with newness of life. No man can deal as closely with God as he had dealt and remain an unchanged man. Jacob that night was what we call converted; he was a changed character, and, to indicate that great change, God altered his name: he was to be henceforth called Israel.

One hundred years of habit is not easily broken. He passed over the river again and came to his company. How he explained his lameness, or whether he told them of what had transpired since last he saw them, we know not. But one thing is clear—he said nothing of having now a new name. He did not say he was a changed man, and was going to live a new life. Esau met him, and his fears proved groundless. Now he ought to have gone up to Bethel. What hindered him? The ungodliness of his family. He had set them a bad example all his life, and they had all followed it; there was no fear of God amongst them. Israel felt, with the horror of that pressure still upon him, that he dare not take his family to Bethel—the house of God, the gate of heaven—until they were in a fit state to worship so great and terrible a God. To hasten his determination God appeared to him again, and commanded him to take his name Israel, and use it; which was to make an open profession that he was going from henceforth to serve God. This he did, and began to "order his household after him," by collecting all the strange gods, the idols, and making the daughters of the tribe give up their finery, their earrings, and he buried them in the earth beneath the oak in his own field in Shechem. Then he went up to Bethel to worship. Yes, a man may so "order his household" that they may have family prayers and go to church; he may repress this and command that, but he cannot alter hearts and habits which have grown with years of growth. Jacob's sons had not met God, and they remained as their father's example had made them.

But I take it to be the great lesson of this last history of Genesis, to show that the effects of a past bad example may be undone, and misspent time may be redeemed. If this were not possible, what a burden of sorrow a man who had turned round with his face heavenwards would carry to his grave! Israel saw the wickedness of his sons; Dinah's disgrace, Simeon and Levi's treacherous cruelty, Rueben's shameful sin—all fell upon his heart; but the record only says of the one, "And Jacob held his peace," and of the other, "And Israel heard it." Very different would have been his action if those troubles had come upon him before he was at Penuel.

Seeing that his sons were unfit to carry down the great spiritual blessings which God had given to his fathers, he determines to make Joseph his heir. This boy had only known Israel; he was not old enough to remember much of Jacob. His father proclaimed his intention by the coat with long sleeves which he gave Joseph to wear, indicating that he was to be the gentleman of the family. He was to do no work. No wonder this aroused the jealousy of his brethren; and, finally, having an opportunity of getting rid of him, they sold him into Egyptian slavery. When Adoni-bezek sat looking at his bleeding hands and feet after they had cut

off his thumbs and great toes, he applied to himself a great law of God, "As I have done, so hath God requited me." Most sins carry with them their own punishment. The craft with which Jacob had cheated his father showed itself in his whole nature; his sons had learnt the lesson, and now they use craftiness in turn, and how hard and villainous a set of men they were you may reckon when they could sit down to eat bread upon the edge of the well into which they had cast their brother, and then deliberately watch the heartbroken grief of their father for days, nay, for years, and not one amongst them would come forward with the palliating truth!

But Israel lived on a consistent and a holy life. There is no preaching like that of example; that must tell sooner or later, and in seventeen years the example of the father had changed the sons.

When, in the ninth year of Joseph's reign in Egypt his brethren presented themselves before him as grand vizier, there was only one question to be solved ere he could bring them down to enjoy the good of the land of Egypt, and that question was, "Were the sons of Jacob the same jealous, unscrupulous, violent men they used to be?" To devise a mode of solving this query, Joseph "put them in ward" for three days, when, having completed his plan, he ordered them to be brought before him.

He felt that, after his supposed death, Jacob would probably make Benjamin his heir. Had these men managed to get rid of Benjamin, as they had got rid of him? He would send them back to bring his younger brother, that he might see him for himself. How money-loving they used to be! Joseph ordered, therefore, that their money should be returned in their sacks' mouth.

In due time they returned, bringing both their younger brother and their money—facts which spoke to their improved condition. At the feast to which Joseph invited them he ordered that five times more dishes should be placed before Benjamin, giving him a greater choice, and honoring him above the others. Joseph watched and listened; but no look, no word of jealousy, escaped them. It was evident they had no angry feelings towards the father's favorite. One more trial establishes his growing conviction. His silver cup is placed in Benjamin's sack, and the steward of his house is sent after the brothers, with the order that he in whose sack the cup was found should remain in Egypt a bond-slave to the grand vizier. Here was an admirable opportunity to have got rid of Benjamin, had they been so minded. But they all return, and Judah, in language whose touching pathos has never been equalled, besought the "lord of the country" for his brother's freedom.

This was proof enough, the men were no longer the sons of Jacob; they were, as the record styles them, the sons of Israel. The consistent example of a pious father had been, by God's grace, the means of influencing his family; the past was undone, and now Israel could say, "I have ordered my household after me." And if the powerful influence of Israel's holy life needs a further confirmation, we have it in the love of the Egyptian people. They followed his coffin far on its way to Machpelah; and when the "very great company, all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, with chariots and horsemen," came to the threshing-floor of Atad, they "mourned" with no hireling cries, but "with a great and sore lamentation."

Egypt had lost a friend, nay, more than a friend; from amidst them had passed a great and holy man, whose godly life had been a power for good and an object of affection throughout all the land of Egypt.

Such are the triumphs. What testimony of grace—a mystery and a hope—is this name of our God, "the God of Jacob"—"the God of Jacob is *our* refuge"!

A REMARKABLE INVALID.

On the east side of the city, within a few moments' travel from the fashionable portion of New York, there lives a woman who may be called a lay preacher, as she has been bedridden for twenty-six years in the same room, having been pronounced by the same physician who visits her at the present time incurable twenty-two years ago. I had heard much of Mrs. Cook, but I could hardly credit all I had heard of her sufferings, patience, and Christian character until I saw her not long since in her spotlessly clean, pretty room, filled with evidences of the love and devotion of some charitable people; for you must know that this poor woman has been supported all these years by the contributions of certain good Samaritans of this city. And not only herself has been surrounded by all that could minister to her bodily comfort, but she has dispensed charity to numbers of poor people, giving hundreds of dollars every year to those whom she knows to be deserving.

I found Mrs. Cook lying on that bed of pain, for she is never free from acute suffering —sweet-faced and serene; so patient in expression, that one is assured that she has "the peace which the world cannot give." In answer to the question, "Why do you suppose so gentle and loving a Christian is made to lie here so many years?" she answered promptly, "Because He knows that it is best for me; and, here, I am doing a work which I could not otherwise have done." She then told me that she has her poor people, who come to her regularly for medicine and money, and assistance of all kinds; and that worldly women have come to her, out of curiosity, have knelt by her bedside, and have left her determined to devote their lives to good works and to Christ; that people in affliction come and ask her prayers; in short, while she is slowly dying, she is an angel of light to the poor and afflicted, and constantly points heavenward to those who see her and who hear her admonitions and prayers. "It is so sweet to trust in Him," she said, while a spasm of pain just faintly shadowed itself in her eyes; and, again, "I am poor, and He surrounds me with blessings."

"Tell me, Mrs. Cook, what is your idea of prayer; shall we ask for what we wish?"

"Oh, yes! Has He not said, 'Come unto Me,' and 'Ask, and ye shall receive'? We must go to Him, like children, and present our petitions; being satisfied with what He gives us."

I could write pages of the talk we had in that little room, but suffice it to say that on leaving it an utter humiliation of spirit came over me—a new appreciation of God's mercies of health, the power to breathe the fresh air of heaven, and to go and come as the will or caprice dictates. And as those moments spent beside the bed of an incurable invalid, in talking, reading a psalm of David, and in prayer, had proved a pungent, forcible, and necessary lesson to me, so other moments in that chamber have benefited many people. Mrs. Cook's cheerfulness is a touching lesson to those who visit her; and her sublime faith in God has something contagious in it. Sometimes people who are sorely vexed, and who have little confidence in their own prayers, write or ask her to pray for them.

Such utter submission, of course, cannot come in a moment; such faith, and hope, and trust must be the work of years possibly; but when seen, it seems almost perfect rest.

THE URIM AND THE THUMMIM.

President Seelye, in a recent article on "Instruction in the Bible," relates the case of a student in theology who, in answer to a question as to the origin and nature of the Urim and the Thummim, replied that he "had never heard of those biblical *characters*." We fear that, in this instance, the perplexity of the student is a fair gauge of the uncertainty of the doctors. Certainly, no question has ever given rise to more contradictory theories and wilder guesses than the present one; and its final solution, like the solutions of similar questions among the restored Jews, must no doubt be deferred till there shall stand up "a priest with Urim and with Thummim" (Ezra ii. 63).

To begin with, it is doubtful in what sense the words themselves are to be understood. In form they are plural, and, literally interpreted, Urim signifies most probably *lights* or *fires*, and Thummim *perfections*. But, in accordance with an occasional use of the plural in Hebrew, it is not necessary to take it here in a plural sense; and, therefore, many ancient and nearly all modern translators render the former by "light" or "doctrine," and the latter by "perfection," "truth," or "right." Moreover, some interpreters are of the opinion that the two words present an instance of the figure called hendiadys, Thummim having simply the force of an adjective, and the meaning of both terms then being "perfect light." Both words, however, are throughout treated as distinct substantives—they are, for example, preceded by the article and by the demonstrative; in Deuteronomy xxxiii. 8 Thummim precedes Urim; in Numbers xxvii. 21 the latter is used alone; and it is supposed that in one or two places of the Psalms Thummim may be intended. It will be safer, then, to look upon them as distinct in signification; but whether they are also to be regarded as singular in sense is uncertain. The rendering which seems to meet with most favor at present is "light" and "perfection."

In turning to the passages of the Old Testament in which the Urim and the Thummim are mentioned, the data which they furnish will be found almost equally uncertain. We meet with them for the first time in Ex. xxviii. 30, where they are spoken of in connection with the apparel of the high-priest. Over the ephod, or fine linen dress, the high-priest was to wear a "breastplate of judgment," and into, or upon this, the Urim and the Thummim were to be placed. The expression "breast*plate*" is somewhat misleading. The Hebrew word thus translated signifies more probably a *bag* or *pocket*, which, according to Ex. xxviii. 15, was to be made of the same material as the ephod — with "cunning

work," and of "gold, blue, purple, scarlet, and fine-twined linen"; but it was to be square—a "span" in length and in width (v. 16), and double (v. 16). On the outside of this pocket were to be set twelve precious stones in four rows (v. 17), each stone bearing the name of one of the tribes of Israel (v. 21); so that Aaron should "bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually" (v. 29). Then follows the command to Moses: "Thou shalt put *into* the breast-plate of judgment the Urim and the Thummim; and they shall be upon Aaron's heart when he goeth in before the Lord." It will be observed that we have slightly changed the English text by writing "into" instead of "in." The original word may be translated either *on* or *into;* but that the latter is the sense here intended is suggested by the form of the breastplate, and is proved by the use of the same preposition in similar cases. (See Ex. xxv. 16, 21; Num. xix. 17, and Deut. xxiii. 25.)

Few and vague as the *data* contained in this reference are, we may gather from it the following particulars: First, that the Urim and the Thummim, whatever they may have been, were some material objects; secondly, that they were distinct from both the breastplate and the twelve stones representing the twelve tribes of Israel; and, thirdly, that they were already existing, and certainly known to Moses, and probably also to the people, when God set them apart for the purpose for which He intended them. This last point we infer from the fact that from the first they are introduced without any previous explanation, and from their not being mentioned either in the record of the description of the breastplate, or in that of its construction. (See Ex. xxviii. 15–21, and xxxix. 8–21.) The Samaritan Pentateuch indeed says that Moses was commanded to make them, which may have been so, although the authority upon which the fact rests is doubtful; but as no directions are given as to how they were to be made, we are still left to infer that the things themselves had been previously known. More definite than this the Bible contains nothing in reference to the *nature* of the Urim and the Thummim. From Lev. viii. 8 we simply learn that when Aaron was consecrated to the high-priesthood they were duly placed, as had been commanded, into his breastplate; and from Num. xx. 28 we may conclude that, after the death of Aaron, they passed, with the other *pontificalia*, to Eleazar, the successor of Aaron.

The passages which refer to the *purpose* which the Urim and the Thummim were to serve are fortunately clearer and more circumstantial. Their purpose is first indicated in Deut. xxxiii. 8 and 9, where, strangely enough, they are represented as the crowning glory of the priesthood, and as given to Levi because he "said unto his father and to his mother I have not seen him; neither did he acknowledge his brethren, nor knew his own children; for they have observed thy word and kept thy covenant." The words quoted no doubt refer to the incident related in Ex. xxxii. 25–30, and the whole passage shows that the Urim and the Thummim were the special possession and the peculiar privilege of the Levitical priesthood. In what this privilege consisted is shown in Num. xxvii. 21. In order properly to qualify him as his successor, Moses is there directed to place Joshua before Eleazar, the high-priest, "who shall ask counsel for him after [better, who shall inquire for him by] the judgment of Urim before the Lord; at his word they shall go out, and at his word they shall come in, both he and all the children of Israel with him, even all the congregation." Moses, as the deliverer, leader, and law-giver of his people, enjoyed constant and immediate intercourse with God; but Joshua, who was evidently to be inferior to him in honor and dignity, was to communicate with the Lord through the high-priest; and the latter also, instead of speaking with God "face to face," was to acquaint himself with the Divine will by means of the Urim and the Thummim. These, then, were the organ through which God was thenceforth to guide and direct His people, and this explains the greatness of the privilege which Levi enjoyed in their exclusive possession. The same reference shows also that they were chiefly, if not exclusively, to be used in determining the strategetical movements of the Israelites. "At his (*i. e.*, Eleazar's) word they shall go out, and at his word they shall come in, both he and all the children of Israel with him"; and that they were still employed for that purpose in the time of Saul is proved by the only other passage of the Old Testament in which they are referred to by name, viz., I. Sam. xxviii. 6: "And when Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by *Urim*, nor by prophets."

There are, however, yet other passages which undoubtedly refer to the Urim and the Thummim, although they do not contain these names. Thus, the question which the children of Israel asked the Lord in Judges i. 1, 2, plainly belongs to the class which, according to Num. xxvii. 21, were to be answered by means of the Urim and the Thummim; and, as we shall particularly see a little further on, the formula observed in asking the Lord, "Who shall go up for us against the Canaanites first?" as also the answer received, "Judah shall go up," is the same as that which, we must suppose, was habitually used when the people asked counsel of Jehovah through the Urim and the Thummim. The same is still more distinctly shown in Judges xx. 18, where we are told that, in order to determine who were to be charged with chastising the Benjaminites for the outrage which one of them had committed, "The children of Israel arose, and went to the house of God (*i. e.*, to Bethel, where the ark of the covenant was kept under the charge of Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron), and asked counsel of God, and said, Which of us shall go up first to the battle against the children of Benjamin? And the Lord said, Judah shall go up first." Finally, that in the majority of instances where we meet with the frequently recurring phrase, "to ask counsel of the Lord," or, "to inquire of Jehovah," we have to suppose an implied reference to the use of the Urim and the Thummim, may be fairly regarded as proved by I. Sam. xxx. 7, 8, and xxiii. 1–12. The mention in these passages of Abiathar, the priest, and David's command to him, to "bring hither the ephod," clearly show that David expected to obtain answers to his questions by means of the ephod; that is, by means of the Urim and the Thummim, which the ephod here evidently represents.

(To be continued.)

THE blessing may seem to tarry, but for every delay there shall be the largest interest.

THE TWO PATHS.

Via Dolorosa and Via Giojosa.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

My Master, they have wronged Thee and Thy love:
They only told me I should find the path
A Via Dolorosa all the way.
Even Thy sweetest singers only sang
Of pressing onward through the same sharp thorns
With bleeding footsteps; through the chill, dank mist,
Following and struggling till they reach the light,
The rest, the sunshine of the Far Beyond.
The anthems of the pilgrimage were set
In most pathetic minors, exquisite,
Yet breathing sadness more than any praise.
Thy minstrels let the fitful breezes make
Aeolian moans on their entrusted harps,
Until the listeners thought that this was all
The music Thou hadst given. And so the steps
That halted where the two ways met and crossed,
The broad and narrow, turned aside in fear,
Thinking the radiance of their youth must pass
In sombre shadows if they followed Thee;
Hearing afar such echoes of one strain—
The cross, the tribulation, and the toil,
The conflict, and the clinging in the dark!
What wonder that the dancing feet were stayed
From entering the only path of peace!
Master, forgive them! Tune their harps anew
And put a new song in their mouths for Thee!

Lord Jesus, Thou hast trodden once for all
The Via Dolorosa, and for *us!*
No artist-power or minstrel-gift may tell
The cost to Thee of each unfaltering step,
When love that passeth knowledge led Thee on,
Faithful and true to God, and true to us.
And now, beloved Lord, Thou callest us
To follow Thee, and we will take Thy word
About the path which Thou hast marked out for us.
Narrow indeed it is: who does not choose
The narrow track upon the mountain side,
With ever-widening view and freshening air,
And honeyed heather, rather than the road,
With smoothest breadth of dust, and loss of view,
Soiled blossoms not worth gathering, and the noise
Of wheels instead of silence of the hills,
Or music of the waterfalls? Oh, why
Should they misrepresent Thy words, and make
"Narrow" synonymous with "very hard"?
For Thou, Divinest Wisdom, Thou hast said
Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all
Thy paths are peace; and that the path of him
Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteousness
Is as the light that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day! And Thou hast given
An olden promise, rarely quoted now,
Because it is too bright for our weak faith:
"If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend
Days in prosperity, and they shall pass
Their years in pleasures." All because *Thy* days
Were full of sorrow, and Thy lonely years
Were passed in grief's acquaintance—all for us!

Master, I set my seal that Thou art true!
Of Thy good promise not one word hath failed,
And I would send a ringing challenge forth
To all who know Thy name, to come and tell
Thy faithfulness to every written word,
Thy loving-kindness crowning all the days;
To say and sing with me, "The Lord is good;
His mercy is forever, and His truth
Is written on each page of all my life!"
Yes! there *is* tribulation, but Thy power
Can blend it with rejoicing. There *are* thorns,
But they have kept us in the blessed way,
The king's highway of holiness and peace.
And there *is* chastening, but the Father's love
Flows through it; and would any trusting heart
Forego the chastening, and forego the love?
And every step leads on to "more and more":
From strength to strength Thy pilgrims pass, and sing
The praise of Him who leads them on and on,
From glory unto glory even now.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

It has been the case in all the past history of the world, that as wealth increases in any country, so there will be more extravagance and display in the matter of dress. It affects, and to some extent injures, all classes. Enterprising tradesmen and magazine publishers penetrate every quarter of the land with the edicts of that mysterious power called "fashion," and few are they that have the courage or desire to resist its influence or reject its rule. In some households and circles the subject of woman's dress seems the ruling and constant theme. I have been in such, in the very remote corners of this land, where the entire literature consisted of trashy fashion magazines and papers, and where bright and otherwise attractive young girls seemed absorbed in the one lofty purpose of dressing, as near as possible, according to the last fashion-plates received from New York.

I recently read in the "notes" of a highly cultivated and observant French gentleman, that after many months of intimate acquaintance with the best and most elegant society in England, he had yet to see the first copy of a book of fashions on any lady's table or book shelves.

This presents a contrast that ought not to be without its lesson. Where there is the highest education and culture, where the mind has been opened to the reception of the largest stores of knowledge, where women have the truest perception of the beautiful in nature and art, and the highest enjoyment in their study, there the least time and thought are given to show and display in dressing. And so in the society of this distinguished elegance and culture, such display, except upon occasions of state and ceremony, is taken as a sure token of vulgarity, weak vanity, or something worse.

For the sake of herself, and for her example upon others, especially upon those of limited means, every lady of refinement and culture—above all, those of acknowledged position and influence, and who can best afford cost and splendor—should dress "with simplicity."—*Bishop Morris's address at St. Helen's Hall.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

Twenty-sixth Evening.

BY THE REV. JAMES WELLS, M.A.

In a famous old picture, the Child Jesus is represented as surrounded with a halo, which at a distance seems to be a bright cloud, but which, seen near at hand, is found to be made up of cherubs' faces, all radiant with delight. It was the habit of the old painters to put a halo around the heads of all the good children of the Bible. It was a curious custom, but it represents a truth. For, around all the children set forth as examples in the Bible there gathers a bright halo; and, like the halo around the Child Jesus in the picture I have spoken of, it is formed by the millions of faces that have bent over each child of the Bible with admiring delight. One of the brightest and broadest of these halos is around the head of the child Samuel. We cannot help feeling interested in one who has been compassed about with "so great a cloud of witnesses." This evening I wish you to add your faces to the admiring circle which has been gathering for three thousand years around the boy Samuel; and I hope that some signs of interest and delight will appear also on your countenances.

There are many reasons why Samuel has always been a great favorite among children. One is, that our hearts are naturally drawn to children we read of who have been greatly beloved by those who knew them. He was the well-beloved son of Hannah, and at once we love the boy for her sake. But the chief reason why he is attractive to children is that he alone, among all the children we know of, wore the linen ephod, was a tiny little priest in God's temple. He was a perfect picture of youthful piety, very simple and very beautiful.

The spirit that made Samuel the boy and the man he was is revealed to us in his ready reply to the voice of God. When God called, "Samuel, Samuel," he answered at once, "Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth!" Samuel's beautiful piety is all explained by this—he heard God's voice, and at once gladly obeyed it.

Your ear is one of the main gateways of your soul. Learned men call it "a harp of three hundred strings," and it is made up of many wonders. But much more wonderful is your inner ear, by which you hear the voice of God, a voice which makes no sound, but which the inner ear can hear. That inner ear is the heart. You have great power over the ear of your body: you may spoil it; you may close it; or you may use it so as to catch some voice you wish to listen to. You may do, any day, what Ulysses's sailors did when they had wax put into their ears that they might not hear the song of the sirens, who tried to make them steer their ships on the sirens' shore. You have a like power over the ear of the heart, by which listening children hear the better voice that speaks from heaven, trying to guide them to its happy shore. A heathen fable says that all the stars sing together at night and fill heaven and earth with their music, but that it is heard only by those who have gifted ears. In the same way God's kind voice is all around us, but it is heard only by those who have an open, willing ear. It is astonishing how quick the ear grows to hear anything we wish to hear. The owner of a large factory told me that as soon as he reached the gate of his works he could tell if one wheel was out of order. He had trained his ear so well that he could detect the slightest jar in the regular sounds of the working machinery. An Indian, by laying his ear to the ground, can discover the approach of a horseman, even at the distance of miles. A blind man can find his way through crowded streets, because practice has made his ear so perfect. He is protected, or we may say enlightened, by his very attentive ear. And in the same way, the ear within the soul may be trained to know even the gentlest whispers of the voice of God. Samuel mistook that voice at first, but he had a desire to know it, and he listened again and again, and soon he knew both the Speaker and His message. The boy believed that God had every right to speak to him, and that it was his part to hearken and obey. Young as he was, he was a ministering child. There was room then in God's house for the services of children, and there is the same room now. You will be as true a servant of God as Samuel was if your obedience is like Samuel's—*prompt, hearty,* and *life-long.* When he was first called, he was asleep, and sleeping soundly, as a healthy child does soon after going to bed. But at once he started up out of his warm bed, and ran to Eli, and said, "Here am I." Four times he was called, and four times he obeyed without a moment's delay. You could not have blamed him if, when the second call came, he had fancied that there was some mistake, and kept in his comfortable bed. And his obedience was more than prompt: it was hearty; he put his whole heart into it. The trembling slave obeys promptly, but not heartily. He does at once what he is bidden do, but he would gladly not do it, if he dared. When a boy is quickly roused out of sleep soon after he has gone to bed, he is usually in no mood for cheerfully running an errand; yet Samuel at every call was ready with his "Here am I." They serve nobly who serve in his spirit; and a child can do this. Jesus, as a child, had this thought in His heart: "Lo, I come. I delight to do Thy will, O my God." We should surely be as willing to live for Him as He was to die for us. The spirit of Samuel moulded him as he grew up into the greatest man of his day; for this dear little boy grew up to be the father of his people, the judge and prophet of Israel. They are seven times blessed who begin life and go through it to the end as Samuel did. Whenever God's voice comes to you, then let your heart reply, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."

HOW A SUNBEAM AND A DOG FOUND THEIR WAY INTO PRISON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIRGILIA."

CHAPTER I.

This is no fairy tale that I have to tell you, children, for we all know that a sunbeam is a very real thing, although its touch seems like that of a fairy as it glides into the hearts of the flowers, and, pulling open their closely folded leaves with its warm fingers, calls softly, "Get up, violets! jump up, pansies! blow open, roses, and make the world gay and sweet!" Perhaps there are little fairies away down in the hearts of the flowers that wake up at the touch of the sunbeams.

This sunbeam had round plump arms and legs, and eyes as blue as the June sky when there is not a cloud to be seen, and a mouth like a rosebud, ready-made for kissing. It's hair—why that was a perfect mass of sunshine, all golden and rippling.

"Where did it come from, this strange sunbeam?" you ask; "and where did it live?" Down from the sky it came, like all the rest, and it lived in a prison—a queer place for sunbeams! Yes, but they have a way of stealing in where they are not expected. I have even seen them creep into the roses on Aunt Patty's best carpet, which we children hardly dared to walk over.

Need I tell you that this sunbeam of mine is a human one? She is the little daughter of the warden of a prison, a gloomy place where people are shut up for months and years as a punishment for breaking the laws of the land.

All around the walls arose, high and gray and sombre; but on the side in which the warden lived the sun shone warm and bright, and there were blooming flowers in

the windows, which overlooked the great city, with its many roofs and tall steeples. So the first glimpses that little Maggie's baby eyes had of the world were of a bright and beautiful one, and she laughed and crowed, and was happy from morning until night, which accounts for her father and mother giving her the names of Sunbeam and Cricket.

When Maggie was a tiny baby, on her mother's lap, she would cover her fat neck and arms with kisses, and tell her that she was the best baby in all the world. When she grew older, and could toddle about the room holding fast to her mother's skirts, she would turn around and smile at Maggie, no matter how busy she might be, and say, "Dear little soul, you're the best child that ever walked!" Up and down stairs and all around Maggie would follow her mother, or sit at the window while she made dresses for her, and look out upon the dark old prison, and wonder why the sun did not shine as brightly there, or the flowers bloom as they did in her mother's pretty rooms.

One day, when she was about six years old, Maggie's mother found her, with her cheek resting on her hand, looking out toward the prison, where the men were at work, each alone in the little yard attached to his cell. Some made one part of a shoe, some another; while others worked with carpenters' tools, fashioning tables and boxes.

"Why can't they all be together, and have a good time?" said Maggie; "I never likes to be alone." And up into her mother's face she looked for an answer, as she always did.

"Because they are naughty people, and must be punished. I punish you when you are naughty."

"Yes; you *punited* me yesterday," said Maggie, lisping over the big word. "You put me in the other room; but when I got sorry you took me out pitty soon, and kissed me and were gooder to me than ever. Why don't they let those naughty people out when they're sorry? I'm sure they look sorry all the time. Isn't it time to take them out when they look sorry?" asked Maggie, with a puzzled expression in her round blue eyes.

"No; they haven't been punished enough yet. When the time comes they'll be let out of prison, and have a chance to be good. Now don't worry your little head any more, but come into the kitchen with me. I'm going to make pies, and you shall have a piece of dough to cut into thimble-cakes. Your cousin Paul is coming to see you this afternoon, and you can get everything ready for a party."

Chapter II.

It rained hard all that afternoon, yes, fairly poured, and Maggie's cousin Paul did not come to play with her, which made her very sad for a whole half hour; then she forgot all about it, and had a solitary banquet of thimble-cakes and mint drops. Later in the day a very wonderful thing happened.

Mr. Wright, Maggie's father, came in with something carefully hidden under his dripping coat—something that made it bulge out at one side, and that he had taken great care to keep dry.

"What do you think I have here, Maggie?" said her father, shaking the rain off his coat, but not opening it.

"I know; a kitten!" cried Maggie.

"No; better than that!"

"As if anything could be better than a kitten—a black and white one! P'aps it's sugar plums; but I'd rather have the kitten."

"No, it's neither; so try again, Cricket," said Mr. Wright, still hiding the treasure under his coat, from which a strange little cry came at this minute.

"It's alive!" exclaimed Maggie, making a dive for her father's coat tails. "What is it?"

Then Mr. Wright opened his coat and put in Maggie's arms a tiny, baby Skye-terrier, soft and gray, with a blue tinge about the head and back, and bright eyes, blue as French china, and a queer little thin tail.

PUT IN MAGGIE'S ARMS.

"Where did you ever get the creature, husband?" asked Mrs. Wright, coming in at the same moment.

"That's the story," said Mr. Wright, taking off his damp coat. "Give the little animal some milk, and I'll tell you all about it, for it's the queerest thing I've seen for many a day."

While the hungry wee creature lapped the warm milk set before it—Maggie having first dipped its nose in to let it see how good its supper was—Mr. Wright told them how, when he was walking about the wharves by the river that morning, a wretched-looking little dog had caught him by the leg. "Not as if he wanted to bite me either, but as if he wanted me to notice him; so I said 'Poor doggie, go away; I don't want you. Go home, old fellow.' Still he followed me around, until I had finished my business and turned to come home; then he gave my pantaloons another nip, and cried and whined like a child. 'What's the matter, old fellow,' I said, 'are you hungry?' That made him jump and dance around me like a tight-rope dancer, and I noticed, while he was frisking about, that there was something tied to his collar—a very old soiled one it was too!—something that looked like a letter. 'Let me see what you have there, old fellow,' said I, and he stood still while I untied the ribbon that fastened it and took off this piece of paper."

"There's writing on it," said Maggie's mother.

"Yes; and it's in poetry too; just listen:

"I am a stranger in the land,
Hard fate has made it so;
I ask protection at your hand
Till me you better know.

"My recent master is quite poor,
And has a large family too;
To witness poverty at his door
Was more than I could do.

"So to my mistress I did say,
One day when all alone:

'I think that I shall go away
And try and find a bone.'

"Said she to me, 'Tis hard to part;
How can I let you go?
Indeed, it almost breaks my heart
To lose my darling so!'

"So here I am, for weal or woe,
For fortune or for fame,
And all that's left for you to know—
Dog Schneider is my name."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Wright, when Maggie's father had finished reading the verses. "Some poor lady has written that; and how dreadful poor they must have been to be willing to give up their dog! Seems as if she hadn't one more bone to give him.* Did *you* give him one, husband?"

"Yes, I went into a store and bought him a bit of meat; but would you believe it, wife, not a scrap of that meat would he touch! He just danced about and whined and pulled at me, for all the world as if he was asking me to take it somewhere for him. So up I takes the meat and follows the little fellow six squares or more, until he goes in under a pile of logs, and motions to me to give the meat to a poor old half-starved dog lying there. What do you think she had beside her, Cricket?"

"Puppies," said Maggie, her eyes as round as saucers.

"Yes, poor starving puppies. I brought you one—the prettiest of the lot."

"You never left the rest to starve, husband?" asked Mrs. Wright.

"Not exactly. I went straight off to see Mr. Borden; you know he's interested in taking care of the animals, and I wish you could have seen his face when I told him the story. He listened to every word of it, put on his coat, called his servant to bring a basket, and was off with me to the wharves in less time than it has taken me to tell you. There was Schneider frisking about with the young puppies.† The mother and young fry were soon put in a basket, while the little fellow followed, wagging his tail with delight. Mr. Borden says that he'll never part with Schneider as long as he lives. He stood rubbing his hands with satisfaction, while we watched the little fellow help the mother and family to settle down in their new quarters, and, says he, 'That dog is a phi——' what is it now?"

"Philanthropist?" said Mrs. Wright.

"Yes, that's it—a philanthropist among dogs. I take it that's a dog that looks after other dogs, the way that lady with the poke bonnet, that comes to see the prisoners and reads to 'em, looks after other folks."

Maggie looked wise, but could not say the big word. That night, when she went to bed, she was almost too happy to sleep, with the small stranger nestled close to her sunny head; and there he found a resting-place for many nights.

Days passed away and the little fellow waxed fatter and wiser, and prettier too, for his blue-gray coat had grown long and curly; and after Mrs. Wright had washed and combed him carefully he looked like a great lively ball of down. Then Maggie would tie a blue ribbon round his neck and take him out in the yard for a walk.

It suddenly occurred to the little girl, one

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*This incident is strictly true, and the author, far from laying any claim to the composition of the verses, wishes it to be understood that they were attached to the neck of a *real* dog "Schneider."

†This instance of the sagacity and kindness of a dog has been related in one of our journals as a true story.

day, that her dog had no name. "What shall I call him?" she asked her mother.

"Any pretty name will do," said Mrs. Wright, who was busy making Maggie a white dress, with pink rosebuds all over it.

"Well, tell me one."

"I can't think of any just now."

"I have a name; where did you get it?" said the little girl, very unwilling to give the matter up.

"Oh, I called you after your grandmother."

"But I can't call my doggie after his grandmother, 'cause I don't know her name."

"What a child!" exclaimed Mrs. Wright, throwing down her work, and taking Maggie and her dog, both, into her arms.

"Let me see, suppose you call him Waif, because he was a sort of a stray thing, and came to us in such a strange way."

"No," said Maggie, decidedly, "I don't like that, it might make him run away."

"Well, then, Fritz would do. He has such wavy curly hair, just like a fashionable lady's."

"No, Fritz sounds ugly; call him Curly, 'cause he has such lovely curls. Come here, Curly!"

And Maggie called the little creature Curly, although her father told her a dozen prettier names.

Chapter III.

There was one prisoner whom Maggie dearly loved to watch as he worked away in the little yard into which his cell opened. He was a tall, erect man, with something about him that made you feel, the moment your eye rested on him, that he had once been a soldier; not that there was anything fierce about him either, for his dark eyes were so soft and pleasant that Maggie said they were like Curly's, which she considered the greatest compliment that could be paid them. The number of this prisoner's cell was six, and all through the prison he was spoken of as Number Six. Perhaps you do not know that when men and women are put in prison they lose their names, and instead of being called John, Jim, or Katie—the sweet names by which they were known in their own homes—they are spoken of as Number One, Number Two, etc., to correspond with the numbers of the cells in which they live. Number Six worked all day in his solitary little yard when the weather was fine, and in his cell when it was stormy, making the top part of shoes—uppers he called them. Sometimes Number Six was led out of his cell by the keeper and taken to do outside work in the prison-yard; but although there were several others walking with him, they could not see each other's faces, because all were obliged to wear ugly black masks. So Number Six did not know what kind of a face Number Seven had, who lived in the cell next to his, although he could hear him at work all day, and even heard him snore at night; at least he thought he did, but it might have been the rats running through the old walls.

It must have been pleasant to these men to get out into the fresh air and sunshine after being confined in their gloomy cells; but it seemed rather dull to walk along without being able to have a laugh together or a pleasant word. We must remember, however, that they had done many wrong things, and were being punished in this way by those who govern the land. They are shut up in the great prison to keep innocent people safe from their hands; and those who know best what is good for prisoners say that it is not well to let them talk together, for fear of putting mischief in each other's head, some of them being much more wicked than others.

To Maggie, who chattered like a magpie all day, this seemed very unkind, and she felt more sorry for her prisoner, as she called him, than for any of them. One day, when she was playing in the prison-yard with Curly, the little troop passed on their way to their work; Maggie recognized her prisoner by his tall figure, and said to herself, How I should like to speak to him! Wouldn't it be nice to show Curly to him! Watching for a moment when the overseer's head should be turned away, she ran with the dog in her arms right up to Number Six, and holding her pet up to him said, "How is you to-day, prisoner? Speak to Curly, 'cause he's such a nice dog. Just put your hand on his head and feel how soft the hair is."

When he put out his hand, Maggie saw the iron bands on the wrists of Number Six, and she felt so sorry that two great tears came into her round blue eyes; but his voice sounded gentle, and not very sad, as he said, 'Thank you, my little lady, I am pretty well, and hope you are the same; I know that Curly is a nice dog. What a beautiful coat he has!" Then the keeper told the prisoners to "move on lively," and Maggie turned away with a sad feeling in her tender little heart. She watched them as long as they were in sight; her prisoner so tall that he towered above all the rest; and shed a few tears because he had such heavy bands on his wrists; but Curly was so full of play that she had to dry them up quickly, and have a grand romp with him in the yard. "For," as she said to her mother, when she came in later with her dress torn and soiled, "puppies must be 'mused just like children."

"And what is the best way to 'muse children, Sunbeam?" said good Mr. Borden, who was sitting in the parlor talking to Mrs. Wright.

"To tell them stories, of course," said Maggie, jumping up on his knee. "Tell me about your dog Schneider, please."

Mr. Borden told the little girl of how happy Schneider was in his new home, of how many mice and rats he caught, and of his wonderful tricks.

"Does he really bring you your slippers in his mouth?" asked Maggie.

"Yes, the minute I come in the front door, he runs off and gets them."

"Do you hear that, Curly?" cried Maggie, lifting up her small finger and looking Curly straight in the face; "you must learn to get my father's slippers." But Curly thought he heard a cat at the window, and away from his mistress's lap he flew like a flash. "He's so young," said Maggie; "but he'll learn."

Chapter IV.

It was Maggie's greatest delight to follow the man who took the prisoners' dinners to them in a little wagon which ran on a railroad track the whole length of the corridors into which the cells opened. Through a small opening in the door each man's portion was slid in to him. Maggie thought this great fun, and said it was just like peddling soup; the only difference was that they never took in any money, and I am sorry to say that they were more apt to hear grumbling than thanks. All the men who worked about the place loved the little girl, and, with Curly at her heels, she trotted after them in and out through the dark corridors like the sunbeam that she was.

One day the door of Number Six was open a little way, a heavy iron chain holding it in its place. There was not room for a grown person to pass through this opening; but it was quite large enough for a child, and Maggie, spying her prisoner at work, was by his side in a moment. The overseer never thought of stopping her any more than if she had been a real sunbeam.

"Dood mornin', prisoner," she said.

"Good morning, young lady"—Maggie felt two inches taller at being called young lady—"how is your little dog to-day?"

"DOOD MORNIN', PRISONER."

"Oh, he's always well. Don't you know, prisoner, that dogs never get sick, 'cause they have no mother and father to take care of them."

"Indeed," said Number Six, "I thought they did."

"No. You see, when I'm sick my mother takes care of me all the time; and every little while my father comes in and says, 'How is she now, my dear? Don't you think she could eat a little ice cream or jelly?'"

The prisoner still went on with his work; but looking up, with a smile, said, "What a kind mother and father you have!"

"Yes," said Maggie, who had only lately learned to say mother and father, and liked to repeat the words. "Where are your mother and father, prisoner?"

"Gone," said the old man, sadly.

"Done to heaven, I s'pose," said Maggie, like a little philosopher. "Did you ever have any more 'lations?"

"I once had a little girl like you, my dear," looking—half sternly, half tenderly—at the sunny face of the child, who was perched on the bench beside him.

"Where's she?—done to heaven too?"

"No," said Number Six, bitterly; "I wish she had gone there. She went away from me years ago."

"Had she curls like mine, and did you call her Sunbeam and Cricket? That's what father calls me."

"Yes, she was a sunbeam once; but I'm afraid that she has no one to call her sweet names now, and she has forgotten how to shine and dance and be happy all the day like you. She's alone out in the cold world, and I can't help her."

"Prisoner," said Maggie, drawing nearer and putting her tiny hands on his arm, "don't you think God will take care of your

little girl? My mother says that He always takes care of little children like me."

"I don't know," said the man; and two great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell on the child's golden hair.

"Why don't you ask Him then?"

"I've forgotten how, it's so long since I've asked Him for anything."

"Then I'll ask Him for you, 'cause I'm His little girl, and He loves me. Jesus loves little children so much that when He was here He took them right up into His arms and blessed them. That's true, 'cause my mother told me."

It was a strange sight, and one that struck awe into the heart of the keeper as he stood at the door and saw the man, whom they all thought so cold and proud and silent, with his head bent down reverently; while Maggie, with eyes closed and hands folded, just as she prayed at her mother's knee, knelt beside him, and asked God to take care of his "little girl," and bring her back to him.

Did that simple prayer of child-like faith fail to reach the listening ear of the Father of all, because the "little girl" had been for years—more years than Maggie had lived—a woman, walking in the sorrowful and sinful ways of the world? Are we not all—even the oldest among us—as little children to Him who has been always and will be forever?

All that day, long after Maggie had left him, the prisoner in Number Six felt as if a sunbeam had stolen into his lonely cell, whose brightness even the gloomy shadows of the night had no power to chase away, for into his heart it had crept to warm and cheer.

A CUBIC MILE: HOW MUCH IS IT?

A German geographical mile is equal to four and three fifths English miles, which must be considered, in reading the following estimates of the naturalist Bernstein, but even with this knowledge, his calculations are sufficiently astonishing. Herr Bernstein wishes us to get an adequate idea of the magnitude of space by which we are surrounded, and so calls attention to the dimensions of one single cubic mile (geographical), of which the earth, the smallest star of the universe, contains 2,662,000,000! But we will let the professor tell it in his own amusing way. He writes from Berlin:

Let any one imagine a chest to be a cubic mile in dimensions, and try to get together enough material to fill it. He will then have some idea of the vast space enclosed within it. Begin at Berlin, if you please, where we stand, and toss in the whole city as if it were a box of children's toys, and from here on to Potsdam and do the same, but secure all the villages on the road, for we shall need them. The floor not being covered yet, we will have Paris, with its monuments and churches, of which we need not break off a single steeple. From there to London, which ought to do something for us, and then to Vienna, which must be followed by St. Petersburg, for the sake of peace. All this stuff lies still on the floor, and we may as well proceed rapidly in the same way with all Europe, gathering in all castles, fortresses, and dwellings that we can find. Next the seas might be skimmed for any ships that float, but as this does not help much, we must beg from the new world America's factories and railroads, and from the old world even the pyramids of Egypt, for which we shall have ample room. Not all Asia, Africa, Australia, and America, however, seem to be able to give us half what we want, and as it will not do to give up the task without exhausting every means, we will shake the things a little closer together to make them level, and try what people will do for us.

One row of people will require 12,000 persons, and 4,000 rows make one layer of forty-eight millions. Just enough for the North Americans! That these may be comfortable, we will make them a bed thirty feet thick, of straw and leaves, all in fact that the earth affords, and put between the rows. The second layer shall be formed by putting three million Australians and forty-five million Asiatics on top of the Americans, which leaves 800 millions more Asiatics to begin the next layer; and we proceed with the packing until the rest of mankind are stowed away—1,400 millions altogether, and making some thirty layers. We find the chest by this to be about half full, and to complete the undertaking we should need nearly fifteen times as many people. What shall we do? Take animals? But even if we do finish with the whole animated kingdom we cannot complete the task we have set ourselves.

Yet we only ask a cubic mile of material from a world which contains 2,662 millions of these miles.—*From the German of Laasi.*

THE CHURCHMAN COT.

Contributions to "The Churchman Cot" at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, for the week ending Monday, August 5th, 1878:

Miss Caldwell, Montclair, N. J.,	$2.00
Stowe Garlick, from grandmamma on his third birthday, Cincinnati, Ohio,	1.00
The little girls of the Sunday-school of the church of St. John the Evangelist, Haverhill, Mass.,	1.50
Grace, Maud, and Bertie Bush, Chicago, Ills.,	50
Bertie Holmes,	7
Lena Richardson, earnings of a little millinery store, Elmira, N. Y.,	2.00
George C. Fiske, Ashmont, Mass.,	25
George and Anna Young Wilkinson, Madison, Wis.,	1.00
The Little Helpers, New Haven, Conn.,	54
Pupils of Mrs. M.'s school, Beverly, N. J.,	1.50
Receipts for the week,	$10.36
Total receipts,	**$2,672.31**

FOR BIBLE CLASSES.

SCHOLARS' LESSON PAPER.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST 11TH, 1878.

Second evening Lesson—Hebrews xiii.

I. What is the purpose of this chapter?

II. What is meant by "brotherly love"?

III. What is meant by "entertaining strangers"?

IV. What is referred to by "angels unawares"?

V. What is the meaning of "as being yourselves also in the body"?

VI. What is the teaching, in verse 4, as to marriage?

VII. What is the meaning of verse 5?

VIII. Where is the quotation, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," found?

IX. Where is found the quotation, "The Lord is my helper?

X. Who are "them which have the rule over you"?

XI. What is meant by "the end of their conversation"?

XII. What is the interpretation of verse 8?

XIII. What are the divers and strange doctrines here alluded to?

XIV. What is the altar here spoken of?

XV. Who are those who serve the tabernacle?

XVI. What is meant by verse 11?

XVII. What is meant by the Lord's suffering without the gate?

XVIII. What is meant by "without the camp"?

XIX. What is prophesied in verse 14?

XX. What is "the fruit of our lips"?

XXI. What is meant by "to communicate," in verse 16?

XXII. Who are referred to in verse 17?

XXIII. For whom are they to pray, and why? verse 18.

XXIV. What is to be inferred from verse 19?

XXV. What is the meaning of the benediction in verses 20 and 21?

XXVI. What is the force of the apology in verse 22?

HELPS TO TEACHERS.

Question First.—The Pauline Epistles generally conclude with an exhortation and a rule of Christian living. Whether this Epistle was written by St. Paul or not, it is evidently conformed to his manner of teaching. This concluding chapter is the chapter of directions as to a right life. It shows that practice is not to be severed from doctrine, but grows out of it.

Question Second.—Brotherly love here does not mean natural affection or general philanthropy, but "love of the brethren," viz., the members of the Christian household.

Question Third.—Entertaining strangers refers to the hospitality to be shown to those brethren who come from other places. It refers to the great affiliation of the Church. It is not the mere vague hospitality which might chance to come in their way to any foreigner, but the precise duty which gave any member of the Church, no matter where from, a claim upon all.

Question Fourth.—The reference here is to Genesis xix. and to Genesis xviii., the two cases of Lot and Abraham. Possibly to others not recorded in Scripture, but traditional among the Jews.

Question Fifth.—The argument is, As ye are in the body ye are still liable to all the accidents of life; therefore bear in mind to be compassionate to all who suffer; you know not how soon their case may be yours. The merciful shall obtain mercy.

Question Sixth.—There were two opposing errors to be guarded against—that which preached compulsory celibacy and an ascetic holiness, and that which taught that the moral law was void, and that all indulgence was lawful. The first Corinthian Epistle takes full note of both these errors. The unbelieving Jews were very lax, both in their use of the law of divorce and in the direct violation of the Seventh Commandment.

Question Seventh.—Conversation here means way of life, not speech, or rather the whole purpose and scheme of life. It was to be without care for worldly prosperity, because in that day almost every way to wealth was beset with temptation. Covetousness was the Jew's besetting sin.

Question Eighth.—These words are not, as quoted, directly God's words, but are spoken by the mouth of Moses (Deuteronomy xxxi. 8): "He will not fail thee nor forsake thee." They are in that place equivalent to the version here given, since Moses speaks by command and inspiration of God.

Question Ninth.—Psalm cxviii. 6 is the place here quoted. It might be taken as a paraphrase of several other portions of the Psalms.

Question Tenth.—Those who are here referred to are thought to be such as had suffered martyrdom for Christ, as St. Stephen and the Apostle St. James, the son of Zebedee. Perhaps also James, the Lord's brother, is also meant, though the point is doubtful whether at the date of this Epistle he had

uffered martyrdom. The English version peaks as of living rulers, but the original is imply "remember your spiritual rulers."

Question Eleventh.—"Conversation" again ere means "way of life," that is, the example of those men. The end or perfecting of their areer was to be accounted worthy to suffer for Christ. Another interpretation would make it that the end or purpose of their lives was Christ. Both ideas may be said to be included in the sentence.

Question Twelfth.—This affirms the eternal existence of Christ, and the contrast is also between Him in His unchangeableness and the Law, which was varied by the interpretations of the doctors. Unchangeableness is an attribute of God, and this is a declaration of Christ's essential Divinity therefore.

Question Thirteenth. — The divers and strange doctrines were any heresies of the unbelieving Jews, but more especially the rabbinical traditions about food. This was one hindrance of the union between Jew and Gentile. (Compare St. Paul's teachings in the Epistle to the Romans—chapter xiv).

Question Fourteenth.—The Jews reproached the Christians that they had no altar, and this is the answer. There is no doubt that this includes the Lord's table, but some expositors hold that it is not limited to this. The central idea is of the one all-perfect Sacrifice, of which the Lord's supper is the commemoration, and the altar is the cross on which He was offered up. The language used here is both figurative and literal, but no reasonable interpretation can exclude the Eucharist. There is but one true altar, Priest, and Sacrifice—the cross and Christ, all others being representative and typical of that; but there is here a manifest contrast between the Hebrew services and the Christian, and the plain teaching that the one has superseded the other. The Eucharist is the commemoration of a fact, and that fact is here embraced in the ritual by which it is set forth.

Question Fifteenth.—Those who serve the tabernacle are those who adhere to the old religion. The tabernacle is that in the wilderness, and is used instead of the temple as the type of the Law and its institutions. The author regards the second dispensation that of the Law in its unity.

Question Sixteenth.—The parallel here is with the services of the day of Atonement. The bodies of those beasts whose blood the high-priest brought out into the sanctuary were burnt without the camp and not eaten by the priests. (See Leviticus xxiii. 27; Numbers xxix. 7–11).

Question Seventeenth.—The Lord's suffering without the gate was the fulfilment of the types of the day of Atonement, the token that the Hebrew people, as a nation, were forsaken of Him whom they rejected.

Question Eighteenth.—This is a plain exhortation to the believing Jews no longer to trust in the fortunes of Israel after the flesh.

Question Nineteenth.—There is no doubt that this Epistle was written not very long before the fall of Jerusalem. This must be regarded as a prophecy, though a veiled one, of that event, for it is an exhortation to the believing Jews to prepare for that approaching trial.

Question Twentieth.—The fruit of the lips is a biblical image. According to a favorite Old Testament idea, thoughts are the branches and twigs, words the flower and fruit. The root is in the heart and mind. The lips are those which praise God's name. And these praises are to be offerings to be brought to God's altar.

Question Twenty-first. — In the offertory sentences this word "communicate" is translated to "distribute," which shows the sense in which it is to be taken. It means here to share with others, to give alms. It is the practical fruit of spiritual fellowship.

Question Twenty-second. — The reference here is to spiritual rulers, to the clergy; and here it is spoken of those then actually bearing rule over them. This shows the sense in which the former like words in verse 7 are to be taken. Otherwise this would be a needless repetition.

Question Twenty-third.—"Us" is the actual plural, not that of majesty. The writer uses the first person singular just after showing what is here meant: "Pray for all those (of whom I am one) who are over you in the Lord." The prayers of the faithful are invoked for the clergy, and the reason given here is that these trust that they are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost and sincerely determined to be a true and righteous example, and to labor for the good of souls.

Question Twenty-fourth.—The intention of the author is shortly to visit those whom he has written to. If the author be St. Paul, that places the date somewhere between his first and second imprisonments.

Question Twenty-fifth. — This benediction should be studied in all its parts. The God of peace, Christ the Shepherd of the sheep, the blood of the everlasting covenant, the Resurrection as the seal thereof, are all points which deserve extended notice more than can be here given. These are merely indicated now as the subjects of study.

Question Twenty-sixth.—If this is St. Paul who writes, it is an apologetic expression for writing to those not so directly committed to his care; if it is another, it is asking indulgence for one not of the original founders of the Church.

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